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An Anthology of Modern Kashmiri Verse

Trilokinath Raina

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TRILOKINATH RAINA

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Modern Kashmiri Verse

This selection of modern Kashmiri poems is the first period anthology of Kashmiri verse in English translation. The author presents an orchestration of different voices to enable other linguistic groups to understand the soul of modern Kashmir, for bridges of song are undoubtedly the best bridges of understanding. The translations preserve the content of the poems as faithfully as possible, while the Kashmiri text is given alongside, in the Roman script, to introduce all readers to the beauty of the subtle and untranslatable nuances of language. The Introduction explains the contribution of the modern poets — the enriching of the content, the introduction of a wide variety of forms as a consequence of an indefatigable search for a new medium and the simplification of the language of poetry. With the discovery of a new Helicon, the poetry of this period of bold experimentation is young and fresh and free from the diseases of opulent old age.

**An Anthology
of
Modern Kashmiri Verse
(1930-1960)**

selected and translated by
Trilokinath Raina

कश्मीर शैव मठिका पुस्तकालय
गुप्तगंगा निशात
प्रयोगांक नं० १९६०

with a foreword by
Ghulam Mohammad Sadiq

Published 1972

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The author acknowledges with thanks the grant of subsidy by the Jammu and Kashmir Academy of Art, Culture and Languages for printing this book. The Academy, however, is in no way responsible for the statements made and opinions expressed in the book.

Printed by S. J. Patwardhan at Sangam Press Ltd.,
17 Kothrud, Poona 29 & published by Suresh Raina,
D-1/5, National Defence Academy, Poona-23.

To
the memory of
my father
Pandit Shivji Raina

Foreword

The years between 1930 and 1960 were a period of turbulence and of great national and international importance with changes of a far-reaching consequence taking place all over the world. This period witnessed the rise of the fascist powers, the holocaust of the Second World War and the growth of new tensions consequent upon our stepping into the Nuclear Age. In India, the gathering force of the Freedom Struggle, which had gripped the whole nation, moved on to its climactic phase and ushered in the era of independence. In Kashmir, the feudal regime came to an end. These political changes led to a new awareness, a new awakening, a new urge to question the accepted, orthodox and traditional values in all fields of social activity. There was a socialist urge, a new desire to have a just society. Revolutionary ideas, which the forces of reaction had branded as 'foreign' and 'anti-national', found more and more acceptance with the younger generation who were no longer deferential to taboos. There naturally was a breakdown of what had been regarded as stable moral values.

It is against this background that the literature of this era has to be studied, for each age brings its own art, which reflects not only the living reality but also the changing values and aspirations. During this period, the impact of the progressive movement was seen in all the regional literatures of India. Art had become a vehicle of propaganda for social and political justice. Even the stage was

no longer regarded as a place for providing mere entertainment but a school for political education. The significant writer was the self-conscious artist, i.e., one who regarded socialist realism an all-pervasive literary value.

These three decades may rightly be called, as Prof. Raina has done, the 'formative years of modern Kashmiri poetry', for it is during these years of experiment and transition after well over fifty years of literary somnolence that the modern age in Kashmiri literature was born. The contribution of the pioneers, Mahjoor and Azad, not only in restoring to the Kashmiri language its lost prestige but also in infusing a new lyricism into poetry, was only one of the factors that were changing the milieu for the new writers. The apocalyptic change that came in Kashmir with 1947 led to the new poets setting their sights afresh and the emergence of Nadim as the new leader. The poet became the people's articulate voice against feudal rule, class exploitation, war and the imperialist designs on the valley of Kashmir. While much that was written was of ephemeral value, there is no doubt that it was in this crucible of experiment with new forms and new themes that modern Kashmiri poetry had its new birth.

In spite of the multiplicity of the languages in India, there has always been a basic integrity in our country in the sphere of letters. Literature is a great force for global understanding and goodwill. It helps others to understand the culture of a people. Translations are thus of very great importance in promoting this understanding among various linguistic groups. The need for an anthology of Kashmiri poetry which would acquaint the outside reader with modern trends in our literature was long felt, and I must appreciate Prof. Raina's effort in this direction. In spite of the fact of his being away from the State, he has maintained his contact with contemporary Kashmiri literature. Some of his translations have already been

published in *The Visva Bharati Quarterly*, *Poetry India* and *Poetry East-West*. He has also written on the literary renaissance in Kashmir, and was invited by the Indian P E N to read a paper on 'Kashmiri Poetry since Independence' at the 8th PEN Writers' Conference. He deserves appreciation not only for his excellent translations but also for his judicious selection of the poems and the objective analysis of this period of turmoil and exuberance that he has given in the Introduction.

Srinagar
August 24, 1971.

Ghulam Mohammad Sadiq



Preface

Kashmir has always been considered a 'paradise on earth', a land of supernal beauty, lovely handicrafts and eloquent archaeological remains — things ever-increasingly advertised in various tourists' guides. But in our age, when stress is laid on national integration and global understanding, this knowledge would be as insufficient to understand modern Kashmir as that of Persian carpets and the ruins at Persepolis to understand modern Iran. What is of paramount importance is to know the distinctive culture of the people who have been living there for centuries. Unfortunately, no one has addressed himself to this task. Books have appeared on the 'Kashmir problem', but these do not touch even the fringe of the problem of understanding the people. What a busy journalist or a politician may gather during a few days' hurried visit to the valley may be — and often is — an incomplete or a misleading picture, for most people are looking only for material to substantiate their *a priori* assumptions on a few political problems, other vital truths being of no significance to them.

It is my firm belief that there can be no better bridges of understanding than bridges of song. Poetry is the language in which the basic and primal emotions of all mankind inevitably find their expression. Poets of one place derive inspiration from those of other places, however different they may otherwise be — linguistically, culturally, ethnically or geographically — for the Muse

does not recognize any barriers. Poets can both feel and communicate more strongly than others, and a poem is undoubtedly the finest expression of an idea, a conflict, an ecstasy, a grief, a philosophy, a protest, a frustration or a determination. Thus poems written by many poets in the same period are a mighty orchestration of the voices of the age. They express the joys and sorrows, hopes and frustrations, urges and aspirations of the people living in that period.

My desire to help people understand modern Kashmir, instead of considering it merely as a tourists' paradise or a pawn in international politics, impelled me to translate a selection of representative poems written between 1930 and 1960 and present them to the outside world in this anthology. I have chosen these three decades because I consider them to be the formative years of modern Kashmiri poetry. I have endeavoured to explain the great significance of these years of transition in the Introduction. Although this happens to be the first period anthology of Kashmiri poems in English translation, and also perhaps the first of its kind as far as the modern period in any regional literature of India is concerned, it suffers from the inevitable handicap of most translations — for no translation can ever recapture the beauty of the original.

This anthology is a bouquet of various flowers, as I have not confined myself to a particular type of poem or a group of poets. Poems like Zinda Kaul's *Compulsion*, Mahjoor's *The Peasant Girl* and *Freedom*, Arif's *Quatrains*, Nadim's *I will not sing to-day* and *The Bitter and the Sweet*, Roshan's *Spring*, Rahi's *Let's talk of To-day* and Kamil's *The Village Iris* — to name only a few — cannot thematically be put in the same basket. The reader will find in this selection love lyrics, philosophical poems, expressionist poems, patriotic poems, poems on war and peace, satires, monologues, sonnets and gazals. They do indeed articulate

a modern sensibility in the modern idiom, but they are all essentially poems of Kashmir. In spite of the impact of various social and political forces, the emergence of new problems and the introduction of new forms, the basic characteristics of Kashmiri poetry — i.e., its firm roots in the soil, its rhythms, its mellifluousness and, above all, its essentially secular character — have remained unchanged.

I regret that certain poems I would have loved to include had to be left out because of the fact that their beauty is almost entirely textural, and would therefore inevitably fall to pieces in translation. The exclusion of poets like Abdul Ahad Zargar, Samad Meer and Laala Lākhyman — whose work I value highly — does make the anthology less than sufficiently representative. But this is essentially an anthology of translations, and I cannot imagine a greater disservice to these poets than presenting a travesty of their poems to the outside world. Also, in the case of a few poems, I have left out those lines which have a beauty of the subtle and untranslatable nuances of language in the original, but would only be a bald repetition of an idea in translation. With these few exceptions, all the poems have been translated in their entirety. I have not selected merely purple patches and fine poetical phrases from a poem, consigning the rest of it to oblivion, nor have I subjected a fine satire to censorship because it may be distasteful to some. My primary object is to introduce the reader not merely to good poetry but also to the modern Kashmiri mind and the poetical climate reflected in the poetry of the times.

The Kashmiri text of each poem is given on the left-hand page and its translation on the page opposite. I consider this necessary for various reasons. Those who know Kashmiri would naturally like to know what exactly has been translated, and how much of the poem left out if the poem has not been translated in full. He might also like

to compare the original with the translation. For the reader who does not understand Kashmiri but is interested in the work done in the various regional literatures of India, the original poem will definitely convey an idea of its rhyme, rhythm, metre, stanzaic structure and verbal melody.

I have used the Roman rather than the Persian or Devanagari script so that the text may be easy to read for everybody. A guide to this script is given after the Preface. In addition, the symbols used for the most important and peculiar Kashmiri sounds are also given in the footnote which will be found, wherever space permits, below the text of the poem on the left-hand page. This might serve as a ready guide.

I would refer the reader interested in knowing something about the Kashmiri language to Sir George Abraham Grierson's monumental work, *A Survey of Indian Languages*. He calls Kashmiri an old and rich language — rich in idiom and in racy humour with subtle nuances. It has received its sap from the soil, as also from the official languages. It has been assimilative. It absorbed a large number of Sanskrit words before the advent of Muslim rule, and even a larger number of Persian words during the Muslim times. Now it is busily absorbing large chunks of the English vocabulary. Incidentally, these words have got naturalized in a way characteristic of very mature languages, in which the conjugation is synthetic. I find it necessary to point it out to correct a likely erroneous impression of Kashmiri being a parvenu language.

I regret that this book couldn't be published before the sad and untimely death of Shri Ghulam Mohammad Sadiq, former Chief Minister of Jammu and Kashmir and President of the Jammu and Kashmir Academy of Art, Culture and Languages, who was kind enough, despite his numerous preoccupations, to go through the manuscript, make

some valuable suggestions and contribute the Foreword. I shall always owe him a debt of gratitude. I am also grateful to Shri Dina Nath Nadim, Mirza Ghulam Hasan Beg Arif, Shri Mohammad Amin Kamil and Shri Moti Lal Saqi for helping me whenever I wanted any information, and to all the other poets whose poems appear in this anthology alongside their translations. Finally, I must thank *Visvabharati Quarterly*, *Poetry India* and *Poetry Eastwest* for giving me permission to reproduce some of the translations that have already appeared in these journals.

Trilokinath Raina



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A GUIDE TO THE ROMAN ALPHABET USED IN THIS BOOK FOR TRANSLITERATION OF KASHMIRI WORDS

Letter	Pronounced as the sound italicised in the English word	As used in the Kashmiri word	Meaning of the word in English
a	luck	akh	one
aa	father	raat	night
â	pertain	âchh	eye
aa	bird, murder	aâs	mouth
au	cow	au	yes
e	male	jel	jail
ee	see	teel	oil
ê	met (approx)	trê	three
i	sit	pin	pin
o	go	mol	father
oo	tool	roon	husband
ô	oasis (short sound)	ôn	blind
wo	got (approx)	swon	gold
u	full	kun	alone
û	script	tûr	rag
uû	long <i>û</i> sound	tuûr	cold
ü	vowel sound beginning as <i>u</i> and ending as <i>û</i>	gür	mare
ch	chain	chon	vour
chh	same as the Hindi consonant च	pachh	fortnight
d	this	dod	pain
ḍ	do	ḍoon	walnut
ñ	hunt	tsoonṭh	apple
t	entre, tableau (Fr.)	trê	three
th	thing	tham	pillar
ṭ	till	noṭ	pot

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Letter	Pronounced as the sound italicised in the English word	As used in the Kashmiri word	Meaning of the word in English
ṭh	same as the Hindi consonant <i>ṭ</i>	vyōṭh	fat
ts	<i>tsar</i> (Russian)	tsam	skin
tsh	aspirate of <i>ts</i>	tshōṭ	short
'a'	short indeterminate sound at the end of a syllable or word	gara	home
'-y'	combining with a consonant preceding it, as in <i>मुय, सुय, कय</i>	kuly	trees
Consonants	b, f, g, h, j, k, kh, l, m, n, p, ph, r, s, sh, v, y and z have the same sound as they normally have in English.		

Here is an example of a stanza from Roshan's *Bahaar* transliterated in this way:—

Yuthūy baala pēṭhy soṇṭa vaavan tarun hyōt
 Vāṭiṭh ōbranūy dupṭanūy taah karun hyōt
 Naban neejaraah neela kheṇkuk harun hyōt
 Siree asani lōg doori teṇṭaali pāty kiny
 Sangarmaali zan hoori āarak hētin yiny
 Hyātsūn daamanas tal vuzūny joyinūy diny
 Yi vuchh aaravūy draay thapi thaari laaraan
 Palav pēṭhy dwodas zan ti chhwokh āasy khaaraan
 D̐yakas meēṭhy dee dee vanan aabashaaran
 Panun maārymōt az bahaaraa chhu aamut

No transliteration, however, has been attempted as far as the names of the modern poets are concerned.

Since this anthology is not intended to be read only by linguists, certain departures from orthodox practice in the use of the Roman alphabet may be pardoned. For example, the symbols used by me for the consonants च and छ are *ch* and *chh* respectively, as they are easily understood by the general English knowing Indian reader.

The Formative Years

The history of Kashmiri poetry begins with the later half of the 14th century, when the mystic poets Lal Dyad and Nundaryōsh gave us our first considerable metrical forms called the *vaakh* and the *shrukh* — both essentially a 4-lined stanza with no rigid rhyme scheme, which Lal Dyad used for communication of her intense mystical experience and Nundaryōsh for his moral exhortation. This form died with the mystic poetess, Rwopa Bavaanee, in 1721. The 6 or 8-lined stanza called *pad* evolved from *vaakh* and remained a popular form till the dawn of the 19th century. The new mystic poets like Swochha Kraal, Vahab Khaar, Shamas Faqir and Ahmad Baṭavaaree wrote in stanzas where every fourth line was a refrain. Habba Khaatoon (1551-1606) revived the most exquisite of Kashmiri love lyrics called *vatsun* — a highly musical short poem of 6 — 10 lines, with refrain, assonance and alliteration, end and medial rhyme, liquid consonants and flexible rhythms. This form became very popular and was used successively by Arnyimaal (d. 1800), Mahmood Gaamee (d. 1885), Rasul Meer (d. 1870), Ghulam Ahmad Mahjoor, Zinda Kaul and Rahman Rahi — not to mention a whole host of lesser poets.

The nineteenth century saw the growth and influence of Persian language and poetry in Kashmir. Persian, which continued to be the official and court language for over 400 years, acquired the status of the language of culture and considerably influenced and enlarged Kashmiri voca-

bulary. In poetry, quantitative rhythm and metre gradually replaced the indigenous qualitative, i.e., accentual metre. New forms were imported from Persian literature. These included the *gazel*, the *masnavi*, the *naat*, the *marsiya* and the *naama* — all Persian in form, metre and language. This was accompanied by a wholesale borrowing of Persian epithets, figures of speech and themes. Since the writers in this tradition were by and large second-rate poets, their poems betray a remarkable lack of freshness and originality in subject matter, language and poetic diction. It may be said that cultural strangulation was as near completion as possible by the end of the nineteenth century.

Kashmiri poetry existed largely speaking in oral tradition upto 1930. Since the manuscripts of all that was written never saw publication, access to past literature was difficult. With the notable exception of Habba Khaatoon and possibly Arnyimaal, the poet had no direct relationship with the ruling class. On the contrary, he was more intimate with the common man, and often came from the same stock. Those who were from the aristocracy were more attracted by Persian, which by virtue of being the court language was a passport to social recognition. The poet thus wrote largely for an illiterate class. Furthermore, continued tyranny under the Afghan and Sikh rule led to widespread frustration from which only mystical poetry derived any sustenance. In the case of the lesser poets, mysticism became a necessary and fashionable attitude, and they dabbled in mystical symbols without having had any mystical experience. As Firaq points out, if you remove the two themes which the poets had restricted themselves to — i.e., mysticism and love — Kashmiri poetry disappears. A number of *jang naamaas* (war poems) were written, but they were 'more war than poetry'. The only poems that really reached the people were devotional verse in both Hindu and Muslim tradition,

satirical ballads called *laḍi shah*, dance songs for women called *rōv*, and songs written only to be set to the popular *chhakree* music.

Literary stagnation thus went hand in hand with political humiliation as a result of continued rule by outsiders. Effete traditions, now grown more than stale, persisted. The worn symbolism of the *gul* and the *bulbul* was used with sickening reiteration in poem after poem, and drained themes were droned in ever the same manner year after year. The Muse fell asleep with the death of Parmanand in 1885, which marks the end of an era of great poets like Mahmood Gaamee and Rasul Meer. One doesn't find anything of merit in the *razmia* or war poems of Muzaffar Shah Kreree, Ghulam Mohammad Hanfi and Neel Kanth Sharma or the *masnavis* of Mohammad Shaabaaan Daar, Mohammad Ismail Naamee and Lasa Khaan (which stand nowhere in comparison with Maqbool Shah Kraalavaari's *Gulrez*, a work of considerable literary merit and popular till this day). The mystical poets who continued with traditional form and content are Ahmad Pare, Ahad Zargar and Samad Meer. With the dawn of the twentieth century, the poet Peer Aziz Ullah Haqani (d. 1928) felt the need to Kashmirize poetic diction, but because of the shackles of old practice, he didn't achieve much. Stereotyped forms like *the ravaani nazam* continued.

Yet all these years Kashmir stood on the threshold of a new era. Various historical and political forces led to the end of the isolation of feudal Kashmir. The building of two cart roads linking the valley with the rest of India made it possible for tourists to come here and young Kashmiris to go outside for higher studies. Contact with progressive forces in India and the powerful impact of the freedom struggle in the country created a new ferment in the minds of the intelligentsia and an awakening in the souls of men. In spite of the best efforts of the Maharaja

to stem the tide, these forces continued to simmer, and socio-political changes were inevitable. At the same time, the sudden switch over from Persian to Urdu as the court language in the beginning of the century ended the dominance of Persian and made the middle classes develop a keen interest in Urdu and English. The publication of *Lalla Vaakh* by Grierson and Brunt in 1920 and of the first Kashmiri dictionary by Grierson in 1924 encouraged some educated young men to devote more attention to their mother tongue and burn with a sense of shame that this language had suffered from neglect for centuries. With the development of a sense of identity and a changed and freer environment, old literary forms and themes needed radical reform.

The pioneers of the new age were Ghulam Ahmed Mahjoor and Abdul Ahad Azad. With them came into Kashmiri poetry a certain morning freshness and imagination, and a sweetness of diction. They freed Kashmiri from heavy Persian influence and discarded old forms like *pad* and *ravaani nazam*. It is ironical that though Mahjoor's poems attained great popularity in the early twenties, he had to be discovered by the poet Tagore, who called him 'the Wordsworth of Kashmiri poetry', before he was accepted by the 'educated class' in Kashmir as an artist and not a mere rustic rhymester. After his initial attempts at writing in Persian and Urdu, he realized that his artistic fulfilment would come only if he wrote in his own mother tongue, which he passionately loved. As a *patwari*, which he remained throughout his life, he had the opportunity of seeing almost every nook and corner of Kashmir and come into intimate contact with the people and know their joys and sorrows. He also saw that the only poetry that had succeeded in enduring was folk poetry and what was written by great masters of the lyric like Habba Khaatoon, Arnyimaal, Mahmood Gaamee and Rasul

Meer, and certainly not what smelt of the lamp and was influenced by or a slavish imitation of the effete mysticism, stylised imagery and stale epithets of decadent Persian poetry. His greatest contribution was to make Kashmiri as a poetic medium more natural and to strive untiringly to popularize it. Abdul Sataar Aasee, who was a coolie poet writing in Persian, started writing in Kashmiri at his insistence in 1942. He had already persuaded Abdul Ahad Azad in 1935 to switch over from Urdu to the neglected mother tongue, and he was delighted to find a kindred spirit in Mirza Ghulam Hasan Beg Arif. It is significant that all the major poets of the modern age, including Zinda Kaul and Nadim, gave up their early devotion to Urdu and Persian and started writing in Kashmiri in the forties. This Kashmir owes to the ceaseless efforts of Mahjoor. 'There are thousands who write in Persian', he said, 'only Kashmiri remains a helpless, neglected language.'

Mahjoor was a lover of life, with his eyes laved in the living hues of nature. He didn't brood over life's impermanence and death. He wasn't a mystic or a recluse. In his early life he wasn't interested in politics. His interest in religion was confined to his belief in the efficacy of *taaveez* (amulets), which he used to write for his *mureeds* upto his death, but his refusal to follow his father's priestly profession was ample evidence of his having a catholic mind which was opposed to bigotry and fanaticism, the unfortunate concomitants of organized religion. As a poet, he moved closer to nature. Reviving the lyrical tradition of Rasul Meer, he enlarged his canvas to include new themes and new rhythms and steeped his poems in the living hues of spring and summer in Kashmir. To the simplicity, softness and music of Habba Khaatoon, Arnyimaal and Gaamee, he added colour, form and beauty. But, like Rasul Meer, he never wrestled with the profound questionings of the human soul. 'His poems', says Zinda

Kaul, 'are like a beautiful lotus in bloom. The depths are unknown to him'. He had an unfailing instinct for the right word, if by the right word we mean the purely musical word. As a matter of fact he resembles Swinburne in more than one way: in him, as in Swinburne, words do sometimes seem to lack the divine necessity of expression; there is a straining after music for its own sake — a weakness (Arif calls it *saarang nawazi* — i.e., 'slavery to music') which one finds in most poets who compose verse mainly for music.

Mahjoor stands as a link between old and new poetry. But for him, we wouldn't be able to understand the modern age in literature. In spite of the rejuvenation of Kashmiri poetry that he was responsible for, he remained to some extent a blend of traditionalism and experiment. His was not the attitude of outright revolt. While he discarded stylised love, foreign symbols, sights and sounds of Arabia and Persia, he retained the symbolism of the *gul* and the *bulbul* throughout his poetical career. Living close to the people, he couldn't escape the impact of popular urges and new values. After his earlier phase, i.e., in about the middle of the thirties, he did realize that the conventional fountains had almost run dry, and that the only thing that would give life and vitality to his verse was a new theme. But whether he became the voice and head priest of the modern age is highly debatable, and this we shall consider when we discuss the developments after 1947.

Abdul Ahad Azad was a poor teacher languishing in a village primary school. He began writing in Urdu in the romantic tradition under the pen name 'Ahad', which he later changed to 'Jaanbaaz' and finally to 'Azad'. These three pseudonyms divide his poetry into three significant periods of his evolution as a poet — the first that of juvenile verse, the second that of love lyrics and the third that of poems of a socio-political content. Under Mahjoor's

influence, whom he met in 1935, he started writing in Kashmiri, but there is no evidence in his poetry of any abiding thematic influence of Mahjoor. Both sought for the rejuvenating waters of the spirit, but Azad felt that a genuine renewing must have its origin in vast moral and social changes and a broadening of the consciousness. After 1931, his literary influences were Iqbal and the progressive writers as far as spirit, forcefulness and technique are concerned. Politically, he remained a Radical Marxist throughout his life. He was strongly affected by political suffering, but was never convinced of the purposefulness of the political movement in Kashmir at that time. He may truly be called the first rebel, a lone forerunner of revolutionary ideas and a poet of deep intellectual conviction. He was the first poet to enlarge his canvas to include new themes like religious fanaticism, social inequality and war and to champion the cause of the modern man and sing of universal brotherhood and peace. He was also a pioneer in exploring Kashmiri language and literature. His valuable work, *Kashmiri Language and Poetry*, written in Urdu, was published posthumously by the J & K Cultural Academy.

Zinda Kaul started writing in Kashmiri only at the age of 58 in 1942. Earlier, he had written in Persian and Urdu. His slender volume of 35 poems, entitled *Sumran*, won him the Sahitya Akademi award for 1956. All these poems belong to his period of maturity and are philosophical and devotional in content. 'His work', says Prof. J .L. Kaul, 'stands between two worlds of poetic imagination: one that has little hold on the present, and the other that borrows little from the past'. Though he wrote at a time when poetic imagination was swept off its feet by the lure of a socialist dream, he always remained outside the ring of political enthusiasm. The kind of social awareness that one finds in *Karinaavi taarakh naa* (Ferry me across!)

has no connection with politics, although some political enthusiasts saw a mythical political bias in the poem. His poems express the doubts and anguish that torment the modern mind, but he does not resolve these by the assertion of any dogmatic philosophy. He is the first poet who has departed from the tradition of stating mystical certitudes to present the eternal conflict between faith and reason and the problem of evil and suffering. Knowledge, which has given us material prosperity, has banished assurance and serenity from our hearts. Love, according to Zinda Kaul, is the only key to happiness, and God is the Hound of Heaven, forever waiting for man to turn to Him:

‘Having strayed, tottered and fallen,
How dare I face Him again?’
‘But you’ll find it unavailing —
This lame excuse to fly Him.

‘For even if you turn,
He will pursue for ever;
This bond is from the dawn of life,
Not a passing childish fancy’.

We find the finest expression of his belief in the supremacy of faith over reason in two of his poems, *Majboori-yaah* (Compulsion) and *Naatayaāree* (Unpreparedness).

Zinda Kaul introduced new stanzaic and metrical patterns and is perhaps one of the very few Kashmiri poets who have used the *gazel* form successfully. In most poems his vocabulary is slightly sanskritized. Though, as I have said, he doesn’t belong to the poetical climate of the forties, any review of this period would be incomplete without reference to him, for he remains one of the foremost poets of the twentieth century. Nor can we ignore two other traditionalists in mystical poetry — Samad Meer (1901-1959) and Abdul Ahad Zargar (b. 1903). Both of them

show strong influence of Shamas Faqir. Both are also influenced to a considerable extent by Hindu spiritual discipline. Both use imagery which cannot be called stale. And both are often obscure. Zargar is more romantic than Samad Meer and sometimes uses the symbols and images of horror. His use of *rang* and *shashrang* give evidence of his consummate mastery of the poetic medium.

The year 1931, with the first memorable uprising of the century, marks the dawn of political awakening in Kashmir. In 1938 the National Conference was founded and the people had their first political dream. The new era dawns formally with Mahjoor's poem, *Vwolo haa Baagvaano* (Come, Gardener!) :

Come, gardener! Create the glory of spring! make
Guls bloom and *bulbuls* sing — create such haunts!

Rank nettles hamper the growth of your roses;
Weed them out, for look thousands
Of laughing hyacinths are crowding at the gate!

The 'thousands of laughing hyacinths' are the lower classes, the untapped reservoirs of virgin sensibilities and intact forces and, as Cazamian says, the literature of the future can live only if it continues taking its sap from the people. The kettle drums of the past are but poor music for our troubled times which demand an adequate reply to their 'accelerated grimace'. Thus Mahjoor in the same poem:

Bid good bye to your dulcet strains; to rouse
This habitat of flowers, create a storm;
Let thunder rumble — let there be an earthquake!

The great ferment that began in 1938 had its full flowering in 1947, and the impetus came from the invasion of the valley by Pakistan on the 22nd of October. The fall of Baramulla to the raiders from across the border was

perhaps as epoch making in Kashmir as the fall of Constantinople to the whole of Europe. It unleashed a whole fund of spiritual strength and opened new vistas that only yesterday would have seemed impossible. This year marks as complete a break with tradition as it is possible to find in the history of any literature. We must remember that three things happened at the same time: (1) the invasion; (2) the dramatic collapse of feudalism; (3) the formation of a people's government which very soon introduced the promised land reforms of a far-reaching importance. This generated an atmosphere of confidence and triumph and of new dreams and desires which were mostly Utopian. A new fervour gripped a new generation of poets who looked at new horizons and sincerely believed that they were the makers of a new reality.

It would be wrong to say that either Mahjoor or Azad remained the beacons or leading lights. The national poetry that was now born had new dimensions. It was the offspring of political adolescence and marked the beginning of the progressive movement in Kashmiri literature. A new environment threw up a new generation — a generation of city-bred young men, strongly influenced by Marxist thought, the Russian and Chinese revolutions and Indian nationalism. The literary influences that were dominant were progressive Indian and English writers and Russian poetry. These young writers found rhetoric more appealing than imagery. Persian models were now no longer looked up to, for they didn't answer the needs of the period. The socialist movement was the sole aim in life, and their minds were so gripped by this aim that in whatever they wrote, whether it was a story like Nadim's *Rai* (Blight) or a poem like Rahi's *Thahri kati Jaagir-dairee* (How can feudalism survive?), artistic considerations like organic unity were always secondary. Art was for life and social change — it became socialist propaganda.

Unfortunately, as Noor Mohammad Bhat points out, 'the war between affluence and poverty raged more fiercely in the poet's imagination than in reality'. It is difficult in this short review to deal with the plethora of names that one finds swimming into the poetical firmament, but I want to observe that though the bulk of their output may be wanting in refinement, it has abundant vigour and spontaneity. Its being essentially minor verse does not detract from its merit as pioneer work, and it is always the general level of its minor verse that determines the poetical climate of a period. The enriching of the content, the awakening of an intense national consciousness, the broadening of the horizons of the mind and a broad indication of the lines along which the literature of the future was to develop — these are some of the contributions of the writers of this period, and the future was the richer for their service.

In April, 1948 the Kashmir Cultural Front, a voluntary non-governmental organization of all the available artistic talent in Kashmir, published a small booklet entitled *Kashmir, Sing on!* — an anthology of patriotic and marching songs, poems on exploitation, the raid, communalism and other such themes. It is dedicated to 'workers and peasants'. It may be compared to *Poems and Ballads of Young Ireland* (1888), not because it has any mentionable artistic merit but because it is the testament of the will of a people, of a new faith. In October, 1949 this organization, now rechristened the National Cultural Congress, started publication of its monthly organ, *Kwong Posh*. Subsequently the Bazme Adab, which had been formed in 1940 with the aim of preserving old literary values, started publishing its journal, *Gulrez*, but to *Kwong Posh* belongs the distinction of shaping the literary history of Kashmir from 1949 to 1956, the year it stopped publication. Mr. Sadiq, in his presidential address to the National Cultural Congress in 1950, called it an independent people's

organization which was a product of the national movement and had the same aim. 'Literature', he said, 'is a weapon to awaken the people. It is both a representative and an architect of the people's culture, an interpreter of their struggles and aspirations. It will expose imperialist, capitalist and feudal designs on the people's freedom and give leadership and direction to their struggle and fight for world peace'. (*Kwong Posh* — March, 1950). It may be mentioned that the regular feature, *About Ourselves*, emphasised only this aim and never made any mention of literary problems and values. As far as the general level of the verse is concerned, it must be pointed out that the repetition of the new themes and free use of words 'exploiter', 'capitalist', etc. and of the new imagery of fire, storm, thunder, lightning, 'gunpowder in flower beds', mid-winter and spring do give one the impression of its being juvenile.

In this environment, Mahjoor found himself on a new wicket, and a very uneasy one at that. Though he was associated with the progressive group and chief editor of *Kwong Posh* till his death in 1952, he did not, in spite of his best efforts, share the ebullient enthusiasm of the younger generation of poets who hailed the revolution as if the millenium had come. Some of his poems like *Ala Bainsy* (The Plough) are definitely second rate and lack originality of thought, nor do they have the beauty and appeal of his love lyrics. From among his poems with a socio-political content, his satires on the new regime like *Azaadee* (Freedom), *Poshinoolo* (O Golden Oriole!) and *Sangarmaalan pyav Paraagaash* (Daybreak over the Hills) save him from lapsing into mediocrity. It is in these that he regains his individuality and acquires an incisive phrase which one could hardly have anticipated, considering his essentially sensuous, romantic temperament and his love of the mellifluous language:

They searched her armpits seven times
To see if she was hiding rice;
In a basket covered with her shawl
The peasant's wife brought Freedom home.

(*Azaadee*)

Hawks have left your garden,
And birds are all in song;
Now if you yourself turn a hawk,
How futile was this change!

(*Poshinoolo*)

Politics was never his forte. To suggest that his exquisite lyric *Greesy Koor* (The Peasant Girl) is an expression of class conflicts is as ridiculous as calling Lal Dyad the first progressive Kashmiri poet, which was actually done in those days of infantile Marxist criticism. Mahjoor's spirited *Vwolo haa Baagvaano* (Come, Gardener!) is already dated and no longer inspires as it did once, for there is a yawning gulf between the Age of Mahjoor and our own day. The latter half of this poem, which is devoted to the glorification of all the famous careerists and military conquerors of Old Kashmir, is a direct contradiction of the first half where the poet speaks of individual freedom and democracy. It would be right to say that Mahjoor had nothing specific to contribute after 1947, and that the Age of Mahjoor ended that year.

The leading poets after 1947 are Nadim, Firaq, Kamil, Arif, Nazki, Rahi, Almast, Premi, Khayal, Muzaffer Azim, Santosh and Reh. Most other poets whose poems were published in various journals have followed in the footsteps of Nadim and Rahi and make no claim to originality. The main poets among the traditionalists are Ariz, Nand Lal Ambardar, Rasa Javidani and Nawaz Ratanpuri.

With the flood tide of verse that was written during this period came experimentation with various forms and

metres. The new forms that were born are free and blank verse, the sonnet, the monologue, the opera, the quatrain and the *tukh*. Various Persian stanzaic patterns like the *mussamat* (of various length) were introduced. Surprisingly, more songs were written for *rôv* and *vanavun*.

While these forms were introduced or revived, there are some that died. It is sad that both *ladî shah* and *naamaa*, the traditional forms of satire, disappeared, although the former is still being used by the village bard. But this loss has been compensated by the revival of the *rubaayee* (quatrain), which has infinitely more punch and epigrammatic terseness. The *gazel* has been a definite casualty. This form was first used in Kashmiri poetry by Mahmood Gaamee, and later by Rasul Meer, Maqbool Shah Kraalavaaree, Prakash Bhat, Shamas Faqir and Ahmed Batavaaree, to mention only a few names. Writing a *gazel* became a craze, because it was not only a popular form used by great Persian masters and Urdu poets like Ghalib and others, but also a convenient receptacle for wandering disjointed thoughts which lacked tragically in any centrality. The main *gazel* writers from 1920 to 1947 are Dilsoz, Majeed Meer Islamabadi, Ghulam Ahmad Naaz and Asad Meer. Zinda Kaul, Rasa Javidani, Mahjoor and Azad are perhaps the only poets who used the form successfully during this period. The stress on realism after 1947 led to the rejection of the loose form of *gazel* and the change over to the *musalsal gazal*, i.e., one having a centrality of theme. Mere appeals to the beloved about a hundred assorted things found themselves replaced by social and political problems. The best *gazals* today are those of Nadim, Kamil and Rahi, but this form is no longer considered the 'crown of poetry'.

In the past, paucity of material and absence of complexity of emotion made for a limited canvas. Modern poetry, because of an enlarged canvas, discards the con-

ventionally artificial poetic language and adopts the rhythm of speech. A beautiful poem like Nadim's *Mè chham aash Pagùhich* (My Hope of Tomorrow) cannot be put on the *santoor* or *chhakree* in spite of its perfect rhyme and rhythm. It is a music of ideas, not of words. The best poems show a perfect blending of matter and manner. In this category there are other poems like Kamil's *Yaarabaluk Sahar* (Dawn on the River Bank) and Firaq's *Bulbulas Kun* (To the Nightingale), though the latter suffers considerably by its inevitable comparison with Keats' *Ode to a Nightingale*.

The most significant poet of the period is Dina Nath Nadim. In fact it wouldn't be wrong to call this period the Age of Nadim. When the Cultural Congress was formed and *Kwong Posh* started publication, the mantle of leadership fell almost automatically on Nadim, the spirit of the new movement of progressive writers. He joined the Communist Party in 1950, but his revulsion and revolt against the prevailing social order had begun when he was only a school boy. Childhood memories burn deep into a sensitive soul, and the political revolution and the progressive movement were only an answer to his soul's quest and not the cause of his education or conversion. The writers who shaped his personality were the English romantic poets and the moderns, particularly T. S. Eliot; Mayakovsky and Gorky; Josh and Ehsan Danish. His career as a poet is most intimately linked with the political developments in Kashmir from 1946 to the present day. To write about him is to write about the progressive movement in Kashmir. He sang of the dawn of the freedom movement in 1946 in his *Vwothee Baagùch Kukilee*, opposed the Macnaughton Plan in *Dapaan ad karav az*, hailed the land-to-the-tiller resolution in his *Asi Kaashiryav tul nòv rut kadam* in 1951, wrote his opera *Bòmbur ta Yam-*

burzal after Sheikh Abdulla's arrest in 1953. That same year brought the beginning of disillusion, which is reflected in his poem *Zindabaad mē haz az chonuy srēh* (1954) as also in Arif's *Soot chhuy tayaar habaa*, which was published in *Gulrez*. When after 1956 the progressive movement disintegrated, not only because it was a spent force with most individuals but also because a new organization came into being with Bakshi Abdul Rashid as its president, a strain of sardonic humour crept into Nadim's poems, as is seen in *Huti nazran dolaan chhee dyaar matyo* and *Radee kaagaz akhbaar kinvyiv* (1957).

His exploitation of the resources of the Kashmiri language is remarkable. He not only shows unerring command of the vast word hoard, but also demonstrates that the language of everyday speech is as rich and flexible a poetic medium as any and doesn't need to deck itself in borrowed robes. Using poetry as the vehicle of propaganda, he infused it with a vigour and masculinity it had never known before. He made use of rhyme, rhetoric and effective repetition to awaken the sensibilities of men to the dangers of war, imperialism and capitalism. In fact, during this period he hardly ever wrote a single poem without a direct political bias. His *Bū Gyavana Az* (I will not sing today) may be said to be the manifesto of the new movement:

I will not sing today
I will not sing
Of roses and of bulbuls
Of irises and hyacinths
I will not sing
Those drunken and ravishing
Dulcet and sleepy-eyed songs
No more such songs for me!
I will not sing those songs today.

He introduced the rhythm of speech, as in the superbly constructed and restrained *Mè chham aash Pagùhùch* (My Hope of Tomorrow), or of popular songs and hawkers' cries, as in *Dal Haanzni hònd Vatsun* (The Song of the Boatwoman):

I've brought them fresh from the lake —

Come buy! come buy! come buy!

Small brinjals and round big gourds —

Come buy! come buy! come buy!

Fresh radish gleaming in the shade of the weeds,

Marsh turnip blushing like a belle —

O my boat is like the flowering dawn!

Come buy! come buy! come buy!

The most distinctive feature of Nadim's style is his impeccable use of words and his startlingly original imagery woven with the warp and weft of everyday Kashmiri life, thought and custom. Some of these images may appear far-fetched, but they convey the meaning most beautifully, as for example in *Son Vatan* (Our Motherland), where he compares his motherland to a long absent uncle arriving from the village with a gift of apples. One also sometimes gets the feeling that the similes which almost choke his lines are not used out of a compulsive necessity to elucidate the meaning, and this is a weakness that one finds in many other younger poets whose thought and expression have been fertilized by Nadim.

Nadim began his experiments in free verse early, though he retained rhyme which with him hardly ever proved a handicap. *Suba gaahee* (Morning), a beautiful description of daybreak, is in blank verse. Incidentally, this poem along with *Aadanuk Posh* (The First Flower), *Tsyatas chhuyi* (Do you remember?) and his very success-

ful *gazals* marks the beginning of his latest phase and departure from his total commitment to propagandist and tendentious poetry. The title of the first poem in this phase, *Naabad ta Tyathavyan* (The Bitter and the Sweet), translated literally, means 'candy and wormseed', and these two words are used as symbols for the ecstasy and agony of extra-marital sexual love. Certain images and references are private (though not personal) and therefore lead to obscurity. The emotional sequence is in three phases — passionate craving, consummation and the aftermath. The poem is dominated by erotic symbols, like the sandalwood tree, *vyoog*, Sheshnag, the hooded snakes, Brahma, the lotus and the cypress. There is repeated reference to pregnancy, as in 'the big and bulging chenar', 'the manger-born child' and 'the jessamine bulging in the middle'. The expressions 'blushing' and being 'red to the lobes of the ears' suggest a sense of guilt as well as the ecstasy of remembered bliss. The only image that suggests rape is that of the monal leaping into the glen. *Kaathy Darvaaza pyatha Gara taam* (From Kaathy Darvaaza to Home), *Zakiry Zaajy* (Spider Webs), *Raatiky Tre Pahar* (Three watches of the Night), *Tsor Vakh* (Four Moments) and *Haarysaat* (Incidents) also belong to this period of maturity.

Nadim has introduced the sonnet, both in the Petrarchan and Shakespearean forms, and has written a few operas, the first being *Bombur ta Yamburzal* (The Bumble bee and the Narcissus), which contains some delightful songs. He established the fact that propagandist literature need not necessarily be second rate. His politics are so vital and inseparable a part of his personality that they rather enrich than impoverish his poetry, though his efforts sometimes fall short of the fusion of his complex experience as poet and man into an artistic whole. One of his most forceful

poems, *Aman Apeeli pyath Daskhat* (Signature on the Peace Appeal) could very well do without the seventh and eighth stanzas which mar its organic unity.

The influence of Nadim is evident in the work of many poets, some of whom have borrowed not only his ideas but also his very images. Abdul Rahman Rahi's early work is seen clearly bearing Nadim's impression. He made his debut in the early fifties with the publication of a few propagandist poems which were rich in promise, giving evidence of his skill in handling various stanzaic patterns and the *gazel*. But at the same time one notices how uneasy the artist in him was grafting revolutionary exhortation on sensuous passages — an uneasiness he fortunately overcame quite early with his discovery of the monologue which he introduced into Kashmiri poetry. In *Gaṭa ta Gaash* (Darkness and Light) the dispossessed *jagirdar* and the now happy peasant speak alternately. He published his poems under the title *Novroz Sabaa*, and this collection revealed a careful artist, maturing both in thought and expression.

As in Nadim, his imagery is fresh and original and drawn from everyday proletarian life. His forte, however, is the evocation of an atmosphere through significant details and images — the symbolist technique. In *Zindagee* (Life) he evokes both the anguish and joy of existence through two pictures — the first that of a mother watching her son being arrested at midnight, and the second that of an expectant mother watching the joyous atmosphere of a school at closing time:

Four o'clock. The sun's face is flushed.
In the school at Maarbal the peon,
Swinging his arms lustily, strikes the bell.

Life in the class rooms wakes up with a yawn,
Like a flower shrub shrunk and limp with the
sun's heat
Suddenly finding the shade of a cloud.
The teachers give the boys home tasks, and leave.
Two class mates decide to play under the chenars
Like a couple of pigeons resolving to soar in the sky.
The school ground raises a merry din,
seeing children at play
Like birds flying down from their nests into the
garden,
Like buds appearing in profusion on a tender bough,
Some running strapping satchels, some swinging
slates,
Some like quicksilver, some bounding like the deer.
The peon swings open the outer gate
And the entire market bubbles with life.
The gram vendor's stock is gone in a flash
The beansman hawks his wares.

Path agar yiyihe ti motas vaary (Then if Death were to come) is the monologue of an old woman with an unquenchable love of life but with no illusions about the hereafter:

O heart! O foolish heart! Ungovernable!
Knock at the door of my youth! Call him back!
I would wash the dark robe of the night,
Send brocade for the sun to wear
And plumes for his head,
Play many a lilting tune while drifting on the lake,
Water the only convolvulus in my yard.
Then if death were to come, he wouldn't gather
much —
And I don't care if they close all the gates of
paradise!

His poem *Azich Kath* (Let's talk about Today) stands above the rest with its superb construction and imagery. Without recanting his political faith, he argues that if the fabric of our socialist dreams has to have a reality, we must start with the reorganization of our present existence. Otherwise it will only be 'vacant shuttles weaving the wind':

When the moon comes up with borrowed sheen
The impatient cry, 'It's the midday sun!'
Flowers in a vase delude the fool
To feel that the garden is in bloom.
The fowl flies to perch on the low mud wall,
And thinks he has flown over lands and seas.
Promise of gold bracelets dulls one's ears
To the clanking of chains in one's own feet.

In his recent work Rahi has moved on to a contemplation of the fundamental problems of existence and of the role of religion, politics and philosophy throughout man's history. Poignancy of the memory of a dead love forms the theme of *Dahi Vuhury* (After Ten Years). *Rêh ta Raks* (The Flame and the Dance) has epigrammatic terseness and *Pay chhu Zulmaata vuzaan* (Out of Darkness comes Light) is an experiment in symbolism. One notices a certain growing preoccupation with the theme of death and the evanescence of life.

Mirza Ghulam Hasan Beg Arif is one who stands outside the ring, being by training and temperament a scientist who loves and is capable of detachment and would rather belong to an intellectual minority, and assess and criticise if necessary, than follow the beaten track. He has been one of the foremost figures in the field of Kashmiri letters for a quarter of a century. A man of rugged originality and sincerity, he has been associated with various literary and cultural activities ranging from the search

for a script to the publication of literary journals. Though he founded the *Bazme Adab* as early as 1940 and organised a number of *mushairas*, his aim was not to found a school but to give Kashmiri language and literature the status it had been denied. His literary influences were Iqbal, Ghalib, Chakbast, Hasrat Mohani, Josh, Faiz and Munshi Prem Chand. But he has never liked love poetry — in fact, he doesn't consider love a subject fit for poetry at all. He has written on almost every other subject and reflected the different facets of social and political life in Kashmir. His mystical poems, however, fail to convince the reader about the intensity and depth of the spiritual experience.

Although he has been a prolific writer, he has not published much. *Dusa* (The Shawl), a poem on the exploitation of the shawl weavers, is quite forceful, and so are *Baanahaj Baal* (The Banihal Mountain), which describes the sufferings of coolies crossing over the mountain snows, and *Zanaanan hōnd Ehtejaaj*, a plea for the emancipation of women. But Arif is a satirist *par excellence*, and his special medium, like that of the other distinguished satirist of our time, Mir Ghulam Rasul Nazki, is the *rubayyee* (quatrain) which he uses with excellent effect. He has throughout remained the watch dog of the revolution, as the following quatrains will show:

The rich man called him scum and fed him on
his crumbs;
The political juggler called him king
and robbed him even of his rags.
The poor have for ages seen
The changing make-up of the knaves.
Political friendship is a paper boat,
Fit bed only for the foolish word.
If you would fare forward, beware
The wave of time and the wind of self interest.

Satan arranged a jolly fete —
The crowds were huge, though the fees were high.
Intellect is now clean of the rust of honesty,
And religion is now an ace of trumps.

Apart from his quatrains, his best and most popular poems are *Guna hyath gur gom aabas*, *Mözrèny*, *Magar Kaaravaan son pakaan gav* and *Gaṭi manz phata yaa rata nooraanas*.

Mohammad Amin Kamil's *Mas Malir* (Flask of Wine) was published in 1955. He has successfully experimented with different metres and forms, from the strident rhythm of *Aalyuk Poshinool* (The Oriole in his Nest) to the nine-lined stanza of *Vakh chhu Vuchh* (Now is the Time). His poems show a true poetic sensibility, though some of them are marred when, as in *Gul-i-Laala* (The Tulip) the revolutionary suddenly wakes up and takes the platform to say a thing or two. His *Gaama Masval* (The Village Iris) recalls Mahjoor's celebrated *Greesy Koor* and is frankly derivative, but Kamil introduces a note of modern sensibility and feminism when comparing the peasant girl to a respectable middle class lady. Mahjoor makes the comparison thus:

What gulfs between you and high-born dames!
You are the soul of freedom and flowers
And the dames languish in shuttered prisons.

And Kamil:

[illegible]

They have ever lived gagged by conventional
demureness,
Lulled nightly to slumber by fairy tales of chastity,—
Moth-eaten, mildewed, like an old account book,
Like a story long forgotten, like spent lightning.

Kamil tried his hand at unrhymed verse in *Dal Toofaan* (Storm in the Dal Lake), an allegory of the relentless struggle of life without the opium of a hereafter. His *Nyatha nany Maane* (Naked Thoughts), like Rahi's *Rèh ta Raks*, is epigrammatic and, among other things, touches upon the poet's eternal wrestle with an inadequate medium:

The brocade of words is not to be had,
And naked thoughts just waste away.

Terseness of expression is also evident in his other poems like *Doori prazlyav taarukhaa* (A distant star shone bright) and *Tsü ta Bì* (You and I). These poems mark a total departure from his earlier facile technique. It may be said that he discovered his poetic medium only after 1960. A poem with him now is a music of ideas, an orchestration of articulated thoughts, half suggestions and overtones. His publications, *Lava ta Prava* (1965) and *Bèyi suy Paan* (1967) firmly establish him as one of the three most significant poets of the modern times.

The accent on realistic art or people's poetry is best seen in the poems of Dina Nath Wali Almast. His *Baala Yapaari* (This side of the Mountain) appeared in the same year as Kamil's *Mas Malür*. Essentially a painter, Almast makes no claim to breaking new ground in form and metre. His *gazals*, like those of Rasa Javidani, have only a certain degree of virtuosity. The title poem *Baala Yapaari* and its sequel, *Baala Apaari* (Across the Mountain) describe the plight of a wage labourer crippled by disease and reduced to begging in the hot plains while his impecunious wife

and children are waiting for his return home. There are other poems — on themes like the Hindu widow (*Vyadvaaah*), women gathering cowdung and water weeds (*Khàry Haanzany*), a girl abducted by the raiders and sold into a Pakistani brothel and so on. Many other poets also have written on the proletarian Eve. Fazil had written earlier two excellent lyrics, *Kraala Koor* (The Potter's Daughter) and *Pàhàly Koor* (The Shepherd Girl) in the manner of Mahjoor's *Greesy Koor*. Bahaar wrote *Gaàry Haanzany* (The Water nut Seller), Nadim, *Dal Haanzni hònd Vatsun* and Premi, *Tuyi* (The Yarn). These are all, except for Fazil's two poems, reminiscent of Hood's *The Song of the Shirt*. Indeed it became a fashion to write on some working class woman or other. It would seem that each daughter of the soil can now boast of more than one poem composed on her.

Ghulam Nabi Firaq began as a member of the National Cultural Congress. In his earlier days he believed in communism and was in the vanguard of the progressive movement. His poetry shows a deep influence of the Urdu progressive and English romantic poets. He has enriched Kashmiri poetry with his numerous translations of English poems. In 1956, with the disintegration of the progressive movement, he joined the Kashmir Cultural Centre. Ever since he has been mainly writing poems describing the beauty of nature.

Fazil has written some delightful poems like *Kraala Koor*, *Pàhàly Koor* and *Chana ròs pyaala gom khaàliye*. They are essentially songs and do not have much depth. His description of nature has only a photographic interest. There is no aim at interpretation, nor can we say that he has essentially an ideology, a point of view or any ground whatsoever to stand on.

The note of disillusion was struck early by Noor Moham-

mad Roshan in his *Shaheed sinz Maûj* (The Martyr's Mother) as he felt that the revolution had been betrayed:

While there was many a mile to go
And the road still wet with the martyrs' blood
They rested, using old laws as pillows.
They forgot the distant goal,
The motherland caught in the whirlpool,
And turned their back on the caravan.
With painted grief they've come today,
Offering flowers — not to salute you, my son,
But to show how great they are!

But it is only in his poem *Bahaar* (Spring) that he may be said to be really calling on the Muse. This poem, describing the advent of spring in Kashmir, vibrates with the joy of life:

When the spring breeze crossed over the mountain,
The clouds packed up their dull grey shawls;
The sky turned blue as a sapphire;
The sun laughed from behind the distant peaks;
The mountain snow perspired like a bashful
 nymph in confusion,
Giving birth under her mantle to infant rills.
Beholding this, streams leapt wildly forth,
Bounding over rocks like churned, foaming milk,
And kissing on the forehead the waterfalls,
They cried, 'Our darling spring has come!'

Roshan's last medium was the *tukh*, a form of the *rubaa'iyee*. I say 'last' because he has not written anything for a decade now.

It is difficult at this early stage to judge whether most poets with the exception of Nadim and Roshan recanted their socialist faith or merely felt that the raising of political slogans in poetry was only juvenile and inartistic.

However, with the end of the period of turmoil and exuberance in 1960, the poet came to the painful realization that he was not, as he had imagined himself to be, an integral part of society. The cleavage between him and the environment and the wobbling of the ideals which had seemed steadfast, made the sixties a period of spiritual unrest. Many old voices became silent. Only a few of them, i.e., Nadim, Rahi, Firaq and Kamil, in whom the creative urge burned bright, remained.

Among the recent poets whose mature work is really not covered by this period, are Ghulam Nabi Khayal, Vasudev Reh, Muzaffar Azim, Ghulam Rasool Santosh, Chaman Lal Chaman, Sajood Sailani and Moti Lal Saqi. Reh's *Shabgard*, Khayal's *Zanjoori hōnd Saaz* (which was written in jail), Muzaffar Azim's *Zolaana*, Sailani's *Shēhjaar* and Saqi's *Mōdiury Khaab* are recent publications. The most original of these poets is Santosh, who is also the most distinguished modern painter. His work is suffused with a spirituality. His use of Shaivite symbols and his auditory imagination are remarkable. He has written a few sonnets, but his best poems so far are *Vyas myainy Noorah* and *Raat*.

I must also mention a poet whose inspiration does not smell of the lamp or recall the political platform. Laala Lakhyman, the people's poet who died recently, was a village postman. In language which is far from sophisticated he has painted delightful vignettes of rural life caught between conservatism and change. The comic situations produced by the impact of modern civilization on amused and mildly recalcitrant villagers form the subject of his poems. His laughter does not always have a satiric ring; he sees it as the spice of life — a factor which has made his *Laala Lakhyman Shakdaare Draav* and other poems very popular.

To sum up, the contribution of the poets who have written during the period under review has been the enriching of the content of Kashmiri poetry with the inclusion of an intense national consciousness and social awareness, the introduction of a wide variety of forms and metres as a consequence of an indefatigable search for a new medium and the simplification of the language of poetry, which is now more akin to the spoken language. Since 1955, when revolutionary ardour was more or less spent and disillusion had seeped in, the major poets have been seeking to articulate a complex sensibility and experimenting with expressionism. The first shot was again fired by Nadim with his *Naabad ta Tyathavyan* (The Bitter and the Sweet) in 1960. One finds the poets engaged now in a search for a new idiom and a reaction against their own earlier facile technique. But because of the discovery of a new Helicon, the poetry of this period of bold experimentation is by and large young and fresh and does not suffer from any of the diseases of opulent old age.

Trilokinath Raina

Poems



ZINDA KAUL

1884-1965

Born at Madanyar in Srinagar. Had his early education in *maktabs* (private schools). Showed great proficiency in learning Persian. Admitted in the Govt. Middle School but had soon to discontinue his studies (at the age of 13) to be apprenticed to a photographer. Later, joined the C M S School and passed the Matriculation examination in 1902. Was appointed teacher in the Hindu High School in 1903, where he taught till 1922. Passed the B A examination in 1915 as a private candidate. Considered an ideal teacher and held in great respect and affectionately called 'Masterji' throughout his life. Worked from 1922 to 1940 as an assistant in the Department of Archaeology, as a translator in the Publicity Department and finally as a teacher in the Vasanta Girls' School. His first poetical attempts were in Persian. Later, wrote in Urdu and Hindi. Published his collection of Hindi poems, *Patar Pushp*, in 1940. His Persian and Urdu poems were published under the title *Diwan-i-Saabit* in 1966. Started writing in Kashmiri in 1942. *Sumran*, his collected Kashmiri poems, was published by Laala Rookh Publications in 1955. Won the Sahitya Akademi award in 1956. Compiled, translated, edited and published the poetical works of Parmanand in 1941-42.

SUMRAN

Sumran panüny ditsaanam loluk nishaana vèsiye
Rátshürun tógum na rovum, osum na baana vèsiye

Path kaali chhum na dyutmut swon mwokhta daana vèsiye
Any saari kyaah labakh vwony tim mwokhta daana vèsiye

Vaálinji manz thavun gótsh, haavun thòvum athas pyaṭh
Raah kas chhu kór mé paanas nwoksaan paana vèsiye

Haavun chhu raavaraavun, chaavuk samar chhu khaámee
Thaavaan chhi chhaava baapath baanan zi ṭhaana vèsiye

Yana suy nishaana rovum tana mats gamüts ta phalavaa
Nyun hyòn na kèñh ti pheraan chhas vaana vaana vèsiye

Yátsh patsh ma haar, byaakhaa hyath yoory vaati
kaantshaa
Tas chhaa kámee nishaanan, bàry bàry khazaana vèsiye

Dolan kòhan vanan manz, sholan chhi gulshanan manz,
Zotan chhi taarakan manz kaátyaah nishaana vèsiye

ä : pertain	aa : bird	e : male	é : met
o : go	ó : oasis	û : script	uü : long ü
wo : got	ṭ : till	ḍ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अय, मुदय			tsh : aspirate of ts

THE ROSARY

'He'd given me his rosary
As a token of His love;
But careless, undeserving,
I lost this precious gift.

'Not having shared in all my births
Gold and pearl with others,
What avails my groping now
For the pearls that I have lost?

'What I should have treasured
In the temple of my heart,
I displayed on my hand
In childish ostentation.

'Impetuosity's fruit is imperfection;
What is displayed is surely lost;
That's why the pot is lidded fast
To cook anything at all.

'Ever since I lost this gift,
I've roamed about distracted;
I move from shop to shop,
But I know not what to buy'.

'Lose neither hope nor faith!
A new sign is on its way,
For in His royal treasures
There is no dearth of tokens.

'They abound in every forest,
Lie ungathered on the mountain,
They blaze in every garden
And twinkle in the stars.'

Vyasarith, ðälith, pathar pyath buth kyaah dimav
tāmis nish
Path pheranūky pakaan chhaa yithy hiv bahaana vēsiye
Maanav zi āsy hyamav path, chhoryaa tasund mōhabath
Payvand yi aadanuk chhaa shury dostaana vēsiye
Dil phuṭymūtyan su toshan, yāts gārymūtyan chhu roshan
Gatsh vārymūtyan Swodaaman prūṭsh gaāybaana vēsiye
Andy pākhy tatee chhu aasan bwoda bror Soordasun
Bozaan chhu maay laāgith lolūky taraana vēsiye

ā : pertain	āā : bīrd	e : male	ē : met
o : go	ō : oasis	ū : script	uū : long <i>ū</i>
wo : got	ṭ : till	ḍ : <i>do</i>	ts : <i>tsar</i> (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

'Having strayed, tottered and fallen,
How dare I face Him again?'
'But you'll find it unavailing —
This lame excuse to fly Him!

'For even if you turn,
He will pursue for ever;
This bond is from the dawn of life,
Not a passing, childish fancy.

'He does not like those who use
Reason's nimble fingers,
But Sudama will tell you that He hugs
The broken, penitent heart.

'He is always by your side,
He has always been there,—
The child listening to Surdas
Singing of His love.'

Sudama — Krishna's childhood friend who, driven by dire poverty,
visits him in his palace at Dwarka.
child — Krishna, disguised as a child.

NAATAYAĀREE

Myaani khwota yus baraan me yatsh ta lol
Aash tay gaash osh tay sarkaar myon
Kaanchhivun me tshaaravun tay gaaravun
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Tāmy dōpum kēnh kaal yath deshas andar
Yath makaanas roz myaānee vath vuchhaan
Dooryaras manz vaari phwolanay lola posh
Aāzi hamsaayan hakan tim baāgraan
Taar chon ada zaana bū tay kaar myon
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Yath kulis sag dikh zameenas vaati srēh
Lol yēmy yas kaānsi bōr tāmy bōr dayas
Lol tāsy nish draav tāsy vaataan tswopaāry
Gaātalyav yee zon yim vaātith payas
Yee chhu loluk raaz yee israar myon
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Khat patūr sozaan chhum yōt kaala vāāsh
Kaagzan hōnd rang byōn byōn beshumaar
Posha margaah, bōḍ saraah, taarakh nabaah
Nādiyaah yath Āhrabal hyoo aabshaar
Poshincolah, pompuraah, yambūrzalaah,
Khinda karavūny harna jooryaah sheerkhaar
Maārymōndaah, swondaraah, bōḍ gaātulaah
Pōz phakeeraah naphsa tworgas shaahsavaar
Kēnh na aāsith yus dapaan samsaar myon
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Pātymi pāhray trov yēli pōt zoonyi gaah
Mushk poshav tshōṭ sapun khwoshboy vaav
Poshinoolan naala dyut vanhaari bool
Saaz aakaashuk ta aaruk aavalyaav
Vyoor hyath lōt lōt pakaan sworguk havaa

UNPREPAREDNESS

My hope and light, my lord and master —
Desiring, seeking, waiting for me
From eternity;
Before whose love and care
My self-love pales into nothingness —

Gave me this home in this land
And said, 'Wait here for me,
And when blossoms of love
Bloom bright in separation,
Give them to your neighbours.

'If you water a plant, the earth is moist;
Your love for man, thus, reaches me,
For love which flows from me alone
Flows back to me from everywhere.
This is love's secret and my command.
The wise know this and are blessed.'

He sends me letters every day
In myriad-coloured envelopes;
Meadow, lake and starry sky,
River, thundering waterfall,
Butterfly and oriole and narcissus,
A frisking pair of young fawns,
A beau, a belle, a wise man,
A true saint in full control
Of the fiery steed of desire,
Who having nothing, still does claim
The world as his dominion.

When before dawn the late moon shone bright,
Flowers unbuttoned their fragrance
And the air was heavy with scent,
The golden oriole sang and the wild mynah,
Aerial music vied with the stream's orchestration,
Breezes from heaven stole softly in, laden with pollen;

Tyuth samaan̄ saānpun mē dōp suy yoory aav
 Saala rōstuy aav baalay yaar myon
 Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Mandachheyas yāts gumav suūty gaām shraan
 Tshwond̄ tshyap dima haa natay gatsha haa mārith
 Deshimay yēmi haala man maa hundaryas
 Būy varish bēyi rozahaa dooryar zārith
 Nanz, vastūr, paan taamat chhum na saaph
 Sanz kēñh poozaayi hōnd maa chhum kārith
 Yim na baāgūrymūty mē lookan lola posh
 Maala karahakh, tim vuchhim pemūty hārith
 Shroots jaayaah chham na vathraavas kate
 Gardi tay garaveṭha suūty aamut bārith
 Baana kuṭh gomut chhu ṭhokurdvaar myon
 Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Yōdvay nay lolas chhi tas gaāmūty phuṭal
 Saala rōstuy saani yun zaanun chhu aar
 Yuth samaan̄ aākhūr nanyav khat os byaakh
 Paana kōt yiyihe mē zaānyith naatayaar
 Sharam rachhāvun myon pardaydaar myon
 Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon.

ā : pertain	āā : bird	e : male	é : met
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consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, सुख			tsh : aspirate of ts

Such was the enchantment in the air
That I thought He had arrived —
My first and only love, not waiting for my call.

Ashamed, bathed in perspiration,
I wished I could hide or even die;
Better that I should bear separation
Than He grow cold to see me thus,
With body, dress and house unclean,
With no flowers for His garland.
Then I remembered the flowers
That I should have given my neighbours,
But, alas! neglected, they had withered.
And where could I seat my love ?
Full of dust and household goods,
My temple was a lumber room.

But I soon realized
Though His love is as the sea,
And He could come whenever He chose,
This enchantment was yet one more
Of His strange messages;
For how could He come, my lord and master,
Knowing that I was unprepared?

MAJBOORIYAAH

Vadihe manush chéyihe na òsh
Vadanas vuchhun taáseer kyaah
Haáriith áchhyav kiny khoon kyaah
Chhaávith palan suúty heer kyaah
Boozith zi bozaan chhum na kaañh
Fariyaad karanüch zeer kyaah
Laáyith nabas yim teer kyaah
Majbooriyaah, laachaáriyaah

Mòr aana aanay chhus maran
Bwochhi tuúri treshe povmut
Daadyav, khuryav, baátsav, shuryav
Phikrav, gamav hòbrovmut
Yim gam tsálith háty haavsan
Mòtsrovmut, vyasrovmut
Kunyi pyaṭh khyavaan thak chhus na dil
Kath taany kun chhus hovmut
Rut ḍeshanay, rut zaananay
Tshaaraan chhu kyaahhtaany rovmut
Mas nyëndri manz chhukh chovmut
Nafsüch ta shoküch khaáriyaah

Kartaany, kámytaamat bonaa
Pòt tshaayi doore ḍyooṭhmut
Saanyav kanav tee boozmut
Saanis dilas tee byooṭhmut
Támysund chhu ásy dooryar záriith
Suy monmut chhukh rooṭhmut
Goshan gupith zan byooṭhmut
Lolas chhi bály bemaáriyaah

Yèmy doori roozith tsoori zan
Phambaah ládith thòvmut kanan
Zaañh chhaa prütshaan ahvaal son
Zaañh chhaa sworaan zaañh chha vanan
Yim kaala gaṭi me traávmüty

COMPULSION

I could weep floods, and not drink
The salt of my own tears;
But what avails my bootless grief,
Even if blood streams from my eyes
And I dash my head on callous stones?
I know my cries fall on deaf ears,
Then what urge, deathless, makes me complain,
And aim vain shafts at the sullen sky?
What compulsion! What helplessness!

Man's life is one protracted process of dying.
Harassed by hunger, thirst and cold; beset
By trouble; afflicted with disease; benumbed
With worry, grief and the sordid business of living;
And, when these release their grip,
Assailed, maddened, enfeebled by desire,
His mind failing to rest on any object,
Driven from distraction to distraction,
Haunted by something he knows not what!
Having neither seen nor known the Good, seeking
For something lost, like one made drunk in sleep!
What affliction of flesh and longing!

Someone, sometime, somewhere
Has caught, as we are told, here below
A distant shadowy glimpse of His beauteous form.
Since this our hearts cannot dismiss as fiction,
We cannot bear the cruel distance that separates, —
For in great displeasure He sulks apart,
Hidden in retreats unknown to man.
Fond love's quest is ever futile!

He who lives so far away, in hiding as it were,
Plugging His ears with cotton wool,
Does He ever think of us? Does He ever care?
Does He ever ask, 'What has befallen
The unfortunate souls I cast in utter darkness

Laägith chhamban chhaaran vanan
Amaa timan gäyi kyaah vanan
Husnas na kaanh gamkhaariyaah

Dapahav amis yas ratsh na srêh
Tâmysünz diyee phal veer kyaah
Vyöd maa ti chhuy maa pay pataah
Labanuk karakh tadbeer kyaah
Dil chhus na maanaan path atsun
Vaavas karav zanjeer kyaah
Tas te vüchhav takseer kyaah
Chhaa lol yaraftaariyaah

Panunuy kanan manz chhus sadaa
Chhus naapha paanas manz khâñith
Laaraan chhi amaa roosykâñ
Parbat ta van traävith tsâñith
Laaraan tithay paâñthyan chhu dil
Atha khor traävith âchh vâñith
Mushkaah yivaan chhus yaara sund
Lâmy lâmy kaðaan chhus suy râñith
Soorith âkis cheezas andar
Beyi manza chhus neraan phâñith
Shamûan yemis hov doori paan
Pompur behaa daaman vâñith
Tas pata mâty mâty nerinaa
(yödvay âchhyav nish chhus khâñith)
Sath akli handy jaamay tsâñith
Chhaa husan jodoogaariyaah

Haaraaniyaah, lachaariyaah
Nafsüch ta shoküch khaariyaah
Lolas chhi baly bemaariyaah
Husnas na kaanh gamkhaariyaah
Chhaa lol yaraftaariyaah?
Chaa husan jodoogaariyaah?

To wander o'er hills and ravines and woods?"
Beauty has no compassion!

I reason: Fool! He who is so untouched by pity,
What fruit will His willow yield?
And how do you hope to find this Stranger?
For you wouldn't know Him if you met Him!
But the fond heart isn't thus restrained,
For who can ever chain the wind?
And can I really blame the heart?
True love is no flirtation!

Lo! this enthralling music comes only from within you!
Lured by her own musk's fragrance, the musk deer
Bounds restlessly in vain quest o'er hill and dale;
So runs the human soul in mad and blind career,
Drawn irresistibly by the fragrance of the Beloved,
Glimpsing Him in all created things,
Now in one and even now in yet another.
Having seen the lamp from afar,
The moth cannot sit still,
But will ever run after, with frenzied ecstasy,
Tearing through the seven robes of wisdom
(Even though the flame be hidden from his gaze).
Is Beauty mere enchantment?

What compulsion! What helplessness!
What affliction of flesh and longing!
Futility of fond love's quest!
Beauty's stony indifference!
True love is no flirtation,
But is Beauty mere enchantment?

seven robes of wisdom — the five senses, reason and judgement.

KARANAAVI TAARAKH NAA!

Naakaara gomut nagar son
Basanas na laayakh roodmut
Lootas ta havsas baàjybaṭh
Manzbaag miskeen moodmut
Tsalahaa ta bëyi yimahaa na yor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Zaàlim zalar zan zaal hyath
Zaagaan gareeban zora vaàly
Khotsan na haàkim maari maa
Prùtsha gaàr maa kunyi aasi kaàly
Chhukh peera phwokh tay dyaara zor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Maanav bànyith mòhnyuv mazoor
Chhòn nòn malyun àchh gaasha ròs
Lari looka hânzay baàdaraan
Nari losanaavaan baashi ròs
Saaraan khara sùndy paàṭhy bor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Day zonmut chhukh jaàbiraah
Poozaa tasùnz bachanuk chhu tshal
Zèvi kiny khwoshaamad chhis karaan
Aase ta anyi maa kènḥ vwodal
Aslee chhu òkh son peera zor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Pàzyaàry, rahbar, rèsh, valee
Kar taam asi nish moodymùty
Zuva ràsy màry path kun tihùndy
Màty, màry ta mandar roodymùty
Vati raavaraan mulaa ta gor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Sèdy saada swondar jaanavar
Asi nish yiman bachanùch chhi aash
Maàrith muhith chhikh àsy karaan
Thoolav bachav saan aàly naash

FERRY ME ACROSS

This city is now evil,
No longer fit to live in.
Robbery and greed in league
Crush the helpless in between.
I'd run away and never return!
Won't you ferry me across?

Like cruel spiders with their webs,
Propped up by wealth and priests,
Those in power wait for the poor,
Unafraid of earthly justice,
Or of higher justice one day.

Man, turned menial, wage labourer,
Hungry, naked, unclean, sightless,
Building houses for others' comfort,
Wears out his limbs in joyless toil
Like an ass that carries loads.

God to us is a hard tyrant,
Wrathful if not worshipped,
Offended if not flattered,
And He well might work great harm.
Thus we have to lean on priests.

Sages, high-souled and honest guides
Have long since been forgotten;
But we worship their lifeless sloughs
Such as madmen, shrines and temples;
And our priests mislead us every way.

Beautiful birds in innocence
Expect of us protection;
But we destroy them, nest and all,
With eggs and lovely fledgelings,

Chhuna khoona rôs vwotalaan tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Yêti saarivûy day monmut
Kun daata maalik maäjy mol
Khwokabaaty, taarakh, viginyi, yachh
Traavith baraan tasy yot lol
Pava nish na dalavûny or yor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bú tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Yêti baazy, afsoon, shilpa vyaz
Khurynaava zaanith anyigot
Bakhtee, prëyam, seevaa, dayaa
Shod darum maanan tshot ta mot
Athy vati pyath thaavith chhi khor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bú tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Yêti desh vòth, zal thal vèshaal
An, pan ta phal, mad gyav vòphoor
Dyutmut dayan tim baágaraan
Khyath chhukh huraan, zaanan na tsoor
Swombarun chhi ganzaraan vwolabor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bú tor
Karanaavi taraakh naa apor!

Kènh kaansi nish yats tsor na kam
Bèyi sund vùchhith alyfas na bam
Ada kyaazi traavan topa düh
Ada kyaazi pyan asmaana bam
Dushman na kaanh, phojuk na bor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bú tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Ary dary manush pashy chaava suuty
Yêti kaam kot saaree karan
Path chhakh syathaa rozan mwokal

To provide a feast that gladdens all.

O my soul yearns to go
Where everyone knows God
As the only giver, lord and father,—
Where goblins and stars haunt no minds,
For all love Him alone.

There charms and spells and magic rites
Are known as mere patterns of darkness;
And all work steadfast on the path
Of devotion, love, service, compassion —
The simple faith of people there.

That's no forbidden country!
There's open land, with gushing streams,
Grain and fruit, milk and honey —
God-given abundance shared by all!
Each gets enough and more; none thief;
Hoarding is meaningless folly.

That's not a land of sharp contrasts,
And the green-eyed monster preys on none.
That is why no cannon boom,
No bombs rain from serene skies —
No enemies, no crushing burden of arms.

O what lusty limbs in man and beast!
Happy are their hearts in work,
And happy hours of leisure follow

Gindan, gyavan, lekhan, paran
Asanuk ta vyasanuk dor dor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taraakh naa apor!

Yëti kaañh na vadanaavaan shuryan
Yëti deeviyay maanaan triyan
Yëti koor góbras khwota ðaãth
Yëti nwosh na kaañh karmas düyan
Yëti baáy srëh vuzanas tswopor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Vani, vaari, aañgan, jaayi saaph
Shrógy baana bartan, shrootsy shraány
Sëdy saada vastúr shoobavüny
Áry paan swondar nundabaány
Kaañh maa kwokaarav kiñy kwokor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Kaañh maa hyatsar zad tay bichor
Kaañh maa chhu möt yaa phyor chor
Sworanay na naphsüny dorador
Pashanuk na vwosh, vadanuk na shor
Santosh vrat chhakh lachh kworor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Yëli saarinüy asi tothi day
Yëli pheri pay præymuk tswopor
Saaree banan pázykiny manush
Rozee na yëti kaañh hoon bror
Tee gav zi Raamun nagar khor
Roozith yapaaree täry apor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

For books and song and fun and play
And sounds of echoing laughter.

There children are not made to cry;
Women are treated as goddesses;
Daughters are dearer than sons;
Daughters-in-law don't curse their fate,
And love gushes from every spring.

Orchards, gardens, houses are clean;
Pots and pans are shining, though cheap;
Garments simple and graceful;
Bodies steeped in health and beauty,
For none is deformed with vice.

Distress, depression, unsound minds
Do not plague men there, —
Nor gnawing pangs of hunger
Or sighs of remorse or sounds of wailing.
Contentment is their boundless wealth.

When God blesses us all
With the sap of love in every vein,
It's only then that we'll be men,
And not mere cats and dogs.
The here will be the hereafter —
We'll build the city of Rama.



GHULAM AHMAD MAHJOOR

1885-1952

Born at Metragam, Pulawama. Son of Pirzada Abdulla Shah, who was well-read in Persian and Arabic and from whom he received his first lessons. Sent later to village Traal to study under the poet, Ali Ghanai Aashak. Admitted in Nazrat-ul-Islam School, Srinagar at the age of 18. Studied here till he passed the Middle School examination. Went to Amritsar where he made the acquaintance of the Urdu poets, Bismil Amritsari and Shibli Naamaani. Adopted the pen name Mahjoor, learnt Urdu calligraphy and worked as a *kaatib* (writer) in a newspaper office. Returned to Kashmir and married in 1908. Started writing poetry, first in Persian and then in Urdu. His first Kashmiri poem, *Vanta hay Vesy* appeared in 1918. Wrote subsequently only in his mother tongue. His father wanted him to enter his own profession which, however, did not attract the sensuous youngster. Appointed as a *patwari* in 1908. Though he kept aloof from politics, he enlarged his canvas to include subjects like unity, social equality, communal harmony and freedom. With the birth of New Kashmir, he was the most honoured poet till his death in 1952.

LWOKACHAAR

Baazy kārithūy tsōlkhaa baazygaaro ho
Navbahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon yaavun khasavun haar shraavun
Jalva haavun ta aalam tambalaavun
Bosh poshan rood dōh taaro ho
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar vanakuy os divdaar
Labi dāriyaa chhaavaan taaza sabzaar
Mato tsattam haa tabardaaro ho
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar joshdaar kaayur naar
Shola maaraan khoonkhaar zoraavaar
Josh soryom tshêta gom naaro ho
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar khaabaah os mazadaar
Khyom aphsoos yaamat gos bedaar
Tee bū vuchhahaa bëyi dubaaro ho
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar baaguk jaanaavaar
Poshi lanji pyath bolaan khwosh guftaar
Teer mo laay meeri shikaaro ho
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar sholavun os gulzaar
Suli phōlymūty aasy tath guli anaar
Vaava hardūnyi gos loora paaro ho
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar tsalavun aabi Rāmby aar
Gav neerith pheerith yun chhu dushvaar
Kwolaradaan dōd yi sabzaaro ho
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

YOUTH

How very soon after conjuring
A vision so sweet, you left, O wizard!
Life's spring time, O my youth!

How like high midsummer was my youth,
Tempting the world with lifted veil!
But alas, the blossoms remained for a day!
Life's spring time, O my youth!

It was like a cedar in the forest
Enjoying the river bank's pubescent green.
Cut it not down, O stern woodman!
Life's spring time, O my youth!

It was like the blazing pine-wood fire,
Showering sparks with tongues of flame.
Spent is its force, the fire is out.
Life's spring time, O my youth!

My youth was only a dream so sweet
That my grief was great when it was gone.
O could I dream that dream again!
Life's spring time, O my youth!

It was a sweet-throated bird in the garden,
Singing perched on a flowering bough.
Do not aim your arrow, O hunter king!
Life's spring time, O my youth!

It was a garden aflame with the colour
Of the bright red blossoms of pomegranates.
But the autumn wind destroyed the bloom.
Life's spring time, O my youth!

It was like the hurrying waters of Rambi stream
Which rushes down, but can't come back
Even though the grass on the banks may wither.
Life's spring time, O my youth!

Graay kariṭhūy tsöl me yaavan raay
Laay roozūsna hiyi tanyi traāvnam haay
Yiyi naa bëyi haavi deedaaro ho

Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Chhas Zulaykhaa vati pyaṭh laágith maay
Shaahi Yoosuf yiyinaa yaavan raay
Bëyi aki laṭi gatshi milatsaaro ho

Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

à : pertain	aa : bird	e : male	é : met
o : go	ó : oasis	ũ : script	uũ : long <i>ũ</i>
wo : got	ṭ : till	ḍ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

I stand forsaken by the Lord of Youth,
And soot has covered my jessamine frame.
My eyes starve to see him again.

Life's spring time, O my youth!

I am the forlorn Zuleika on the road,
My love, Yusuf's footfall awaiting.
I yearn to meet him once again!

Life's spring time, O my youth!

Rambi stream — a straggling stream flowing through Shopian,
which looks like a broad river when swollen during the rains

BAAGE NISHAATA KE GULO

Baage Nishaata ke gulo
 Naaz karaan karaan vwolo
 Khanda karaan karaan vwolo
 Mwokhta haraan haraan vwolo

Tsaakh tsü yaam dar chaman
 Bosa kâree tsé kosaman
 Shok chhü yambürzalan
 Khaäsy baraan baraan vwolo

Saäri daluk tsü vüchh bahaar
 Baage Nishaato Shaalamaar
 Chashma zü thaävmay tayaar
 Taara taraan taraan vwolo

Sangdilaa sitamgaraa
 Aar tsé chhuy na akh zaraa
 Zaayi gâyas bü swondaraa
 Maay baraan baraan vwolo

Baava kâmis bü yim sitam
 Maara matyo tsü boztam
 Hola gâjis bü dam ba dam
 Lol haraan haraan vwolo

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FLOWER OF NISHAT BAGH

Flower of Nishat Bagh!
Come with your blandishments,
Come with your laughter,
Come showering pearls.

When you entered the garden,
The *kusum* kissed you;
The narcissus glowed with passion;
Come filling glasses.

See, spring has come
To Dal, Nishat and Shalamar!
I've kept ready two gushing springs.
Come rowing across.

O stranger to all pity,
Hard-hearted tyrant!
My bloom is wasted.
Come love me true.

Who'll heed my woes
But you, my love?
I'm dying of grief.
Come showering love.

two gushing springs — 'chasma' means both 'spring' and 'eye'
The two springs across the Dal Lake are Chasma Shahi and
Chashma Sahibi

GREESY KOOR

Poshivünyi baagüch poshi gwondäriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye
Sworgüch Heemaäly Kaafüch päriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Aazaad vanüchee poshe thäriye
Mushka suüty toory kamee bäriye
Sath rang bakhshee kamee rangäriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Syöd saada jaama chhee shaama swondäriye
Na zi chhee goṭa nay zäriye
Kaatsa zoonyi zan chhi kaala öbrüky thäriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Neeran pheraan chhakhay shaah päriye
Goshan kar havaa khoriye
Poshan vyoor hyath vasee tüläriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Yaahoo karaan neree kotäriye
Baagan pheree ranga tsäriye
Naaga sabzaarüch baaga babäriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Vanavaan draayakh pyath thazäriye
Viginyav shaabaash käriye
Changa saaz vaayaan chhakhay didäriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Tsé ta khwojabaayan chhaa baraabäriye
Tsé gulan suüty dilbäriye
Khwojabaayi tröparith daari ta bäriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Roshi roshi draayakh baaga andäriye
Poshav kan tsé maa bäriye
Bulbul kärythakh käly tay zäriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

THE PEASANT GIRL

Bouquet from Beauty's everlasting garden,
Heemal of Heaven or Caucasian fairy —
O peasant girl, what grace! what beauty!

Flowering plant in the woodland of freedom,
Who filled your buds with fragrance?
Whose brush painted you in gorgeous rainbow hues?

Exquisite beauty, how simple is your attire,
With neither flashy border nor brocade!
O bright Kartik moon, draped in black clouds!

Queen of the fairies, you roam in freedom
In glens and fragrant bowers,
Like a honey bee gathering pollen.

With song on your lips, O bright song bird,
You glide among flowers, scattering fragrance
Like sweet basil leaves growing wild on green banks.

I heard you singing on the heights
Like one playing on a harp in ecstasy,
And the fairies clapped their hands in joy.

What gulfs between you and high born dames!
You are the soul of freedom and flowers
And the dames languish in shuttered prisons.

When you entered the garden — O what coy grace! —
What did the flowers whisper to you?
You've robbed the bulbuls of their speech.

Gahna kanyi posh chhee tanyi jàry jàriye
 Gàrymüty kàmee zargàriye
 Paàry làgyzi ath kaàrygàriye
 Greesy koory naazneen swondàriye

Royas chaanis may paykàriye
 Aab-o-rang chhuna baazaàriye
 Moyas maa chhay phàlilùch tàriye
 Greesy koory naazneen swondàriye

Hayahùki aaba chhay chashma bàry bàriye
 Gaaratùch chhay dilaavàriye
 Sharmi chaanyi hoorav taàreeph kàriye
 Greesy koory naazneen swondàriye

Daji pyaṭh vuchhmakh thòd ladith nàriye
 Lolo karaan lolàriye
 Nari maa losay tsoor kàry kàriye
 Greesy koory naazneen swondàriye

Guma hatsa shoobaan buma vanjàriye
 Chhi karaan gaarat gàriye
 Hyas yinay raavee mas malàriye
 Greesy koory naazneen swondàriye

Bulhavas may laag guli paykàriye
 Aalutsh yuth nay aavàriye
 Chika chaav panunuy yinay raavàriye
 Greesy koory naazneen swondàriye

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You wear no jewels, but your lovely skin
Sparkles with millions of them!
Glory to the jeweller who wrought this miracle!

Your hair, innocent of purchased scents,
Frames a face whence flows such heady wine
As for its hue and power has no compeer.

O those gushing springs of bashfulness!
The houris envy your grace, and yet
You're framed in virtue, strong-souled maiden.

I saw you working in the field,
Yours sleeves rolled up, singing a love song —
O what rough work for those delicate arms!

O the loveliness of those sweat-soaked arched eyebrows!
How many are the hearts that it has slain!
O urn full of wine, beware your own drink!

Flower among fairies, let not the primrose path tempt you!
May you escape the deadly embrace of sloth
And the wayward doom of unbridled desire!

Heemaal — heroine of the immortal Kashmiri love story, *Heemaal Naagyraay*

Caucasian fairy — The Caucasus mountains, according to legend,
were the home of ravishing beauties.

NERAHAA SANYAAS LAĀGITH

Nerahaa sanyaas laāgith yaara sund pay tshaarahaa
Pherahaa shahran ta gaaman baal tas pata laarahaa

Yaara sūndis poshibaagas rosha vasahaa lola saan
Poshivūny akh poshi ḍaālyaah dwon āchhan manz
khaarahaa

Yōd su dilbar marshi traāvith syōd mē kun karihe nazar
Shraavanas zan hee bū phwolahaa yaavanas tshōh
maarahaa

Kaamadeev kari saāri Dal boozum shabas gatshi Telbal
Darshanas aabas andar pamposh laāgith praarahaa

Posh phōlymūty vaari keñtsan rang keñtsan rango boo
Rozavun yus gul chhu baagas suy gulav manza tshaarahaa

Bekhabar paāṭhy aam khabre lola tab chhum kyaah vanas
Akh damaa ṭhāhraav karihe dyava zaraa sandaarahaa

Soz bozūnyi paana yiyihe bozihe myaānee vedaakh
Shoka saan dilakis rabaabas taara lolūchi chaarahaa

Vadana suūty taāseer gatshihe yōd tamis sangeen dilas
Raat dōh pananyav āchhyav kiny khooni baaraan haarahaa

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I'LL PUT ON SAFFRON ROBES

I long to put on saffron robes
And find out where my love has gone,
Roam in every town and village
And over hill and dale.

I would glide into his bower
With love in every limb,
And gather in both my eyes a bouquet
Of flowers that do not fade.

If my love would only look at me,
Leaving his high disdain,
I'd be the Shraavan jessamine,
Abloom with youth and joy.

The God of Love is coming to Dal Lake
And will go at night to Telbal;
O could I become a patient lotus
In the lake to see him pass!

Variegated flowers bloom,
Some with ravishing perfumes;
But among these flowers I long to find
The one that does not fade.

He came to see me unexpected;
How could I show him the anguish
Of my love? I'd have revived
If he had stayed a moment.

I long for him to come and hear
The song of my love-sick soul;
I'd tune the strings of love
In my heart's harp in joy.

If his flint heart will melt
Only with my tears,
I shall weep a rain of blood
From my eyes every day.

Telbal — an exquisitely beautiful spot in the Dal Lake.

NUNDABAANYI DILBARA MYAANI

Nundabaanyi dilbara myaani vājythas maayi vanay kyaah
Heemal kārthas zaayi Naāgeeraayi vanay kyaah

Chhim aarūvali hāndy paāṭhy gamūty paara badaānas
Kastoori roodukh doori vanan tshaayi vanay kyaah

Daana daana zan sheena maāny gājis chaanyi amaaray
Thēhē paan loyum lolache Gangaayi vanay kyaah

Raavun chhu labun yaam zonum Raam sapnum dil
Ada naar gōṇḍnam khophache Lankaayi vanay kyaah

Vōth shor yaamat vaav husnas moj tulith gav
Izhaar kōr tee zulphache thatharaayi vanay kyaah

Dil myon gul zan āshka vaavan kōr yi pareshaan
Shahbaaz thovuth bulbulas hamsaayi vanay kyaah

Masval bū aayas ṭukra jigarūky pesh kashee hyath
Bēyi kyaah bū anay chhum yutuy sarmaayi vanay kyaah

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MY BEAUTIFUL ONE

How shall I tell you, O beautiful one,
A Heemal, enmeshed in your love,
Is pining, wasting away for you —
O Naagiray, how shall I tell you?

Sweet thrush, you've hidden in distant woods
While, like the wild jessamine's,
My bloom is falling off, petal by petal —
How shall I tell you?

I waited like a patient glacier,
Melting with yearning for you;
At last, grown desperate, I hurled myself
Into the Ganga of Love.

'Lose, if you would find!' Realizing this,
My heart became Rama, subduing Ravana,
And the Lanka of all my fears
Was burnt down to ashes.

Breezes stole into Beauty's world,
Causing ripples of desire;
Long tresses are still a-tremble,
And O! the havoc in my heart.

O breeze of love! why do you tease
The simple rose of my heart?
You've made the hawk neighbour to the bulbul —
How shall I tell you?

I've come to offer you all I have —
The pieces of a broken heart;
Alas! how shall I tell you, my love?
Like the hyacinth, that's all I have.

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I would gaze long at the path you took,
But they are watching my eyes;
I hear they are going to put a watch
Soon over my beating heart.

O rose-faced beloved, forsaking me,
You turned your heart to others;
On worthless thorns you lavished love —
How shall I tell you?

VWOLO HAA BAAGVAANO

Vwolo haa baagvaano navbahaaruk shaan paádaa kar
 Phwolan gul gath karan bulbul tithee saamaan paádaa kar
 Chaman vaáraañ rivaañ shabnam tsáñith jaamay
pareshaañ gul
 Gulan tay bulbulan andar dubaaray jaan paádaa kar
 Ma thav gulzaaras andar swoy gulan kits swoy
kharaábee chhay
 Yivaan sumbal chhi pay dar pay gule khandaan paádaa kar
 Karee kus bulbulaa azaad panjaras manz tsü
naalaan chhukh
 Tsü pananye dasta pananyan mushkilaan aasaan paádaa kar
 Hakoomat maalo dolat naazo nemat bëyi shahanshaáhi
 Yi soruy chhuy tsé nish paanas tsü amichee zaan paádaa kar
 Agar vuzanaavahan bastee gulan hanz traav zeero bam
 Bunyul kar vaav kar gagraay kar toophaan paádaa kar

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COME, GARDENER!

Come, gardener! Create the glory of spring! make
Guls bloom and bulbuls sing — create such haunts!

The dew weeps and your garden lies desolate;
Tearing their robes, your flowers are distracted;
Breathe life once again into the lifeless gul and the bulbul!

Rank nettles hamper the growth of your roses;
Weed them out, for look thousands
Of laughing hyacinths are crowding at the gate!

Who will set you free, captive bird,
Crying in your cage? Forge with your own hands
The instruments of your deliverance!

Wealth and pride and comfort, luxury and authority,
Kingship and governance — all these are yours;
Wake up, sleeper, and know these as yours!

Bid good-bye to your dulcet strains; to rouse
This habitat of flowers, create a storm,
Let thunder rumble,—let there be an earthquake!

BULBULO MÔT GOKH POSHAN

Vyoor poshan kam tulaan chhaavaan chhi kam

baaguk bahaar

Bekhabar ami raaza nish chhukh shora shar bisyaar chhuy

Vaalavaashan chaanyi baapath vaalabary zaavily karikh

Poshi thari andy andy hyuvuy maa zaal tay sabzaar chhuy

Poshi thari pyath aaly han chhay vaalanay ath zaalanay

Kaaly traavun baag aasee vwony tsè kyaah inkaar chhuy

Yus shihul kul aasi bakhshaan Ruma Rëshun aay tas

Shihli rāstyan makh chhi divaan tath gavaah divdaar chhuy

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FUSSY BIRD

Fussy bird, you do not know
Who drink delight from bud and blossom,
Ravish spring in all her beauty —
Fussy bird, you do not know!

New clapnets have been made for you,
And finer are the meshes;
The snare around the flower shrub
Is camouflaged in green.

Your pretty nest is on the bough —
But they'll burn and bring it down!
And, fussy bird, you will have
To leave the garden soon!

We love a shady tree and wish
It were to live for ever,
But axe the one that gives no shade —
Even if it's the proudest pine !

GULSHAN VATAN CHHU SONUY

Bulbul vanaan chhu poshan
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy
Sonuy vatan chhu gulshan
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Sumbal vanaan bunafshas
Roozith tsü tshaayi chhukh kas
Van traav baag kun vas
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Andy ändy saphed sangar
Devaari sangi marmar
Manz baag sabüz gohar
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Manz baag kohasaaran
Rät jaay navbahaaran
Phöly laala shaalamaaran
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Naagan kwolan ta aaran
Joyan ta aabshaaran
Dyut soz navbahaaran
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Baagan köhan ta baalan
Naaran vanan ta naalan
Kam rang gul chhi khaalan
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Läjymüts phulay chhi poshan
Baagan vanan ta goshan
Bulbul vüchhith chhu toshan
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Mahjoora des sonuy
Baagaah chhu nundabonuy
Ath lol gatshi baronuy
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

A GARDEN IS OUR LAND

The bulbul sings to the flowers:
'A garden is our land!'

The hyacinth says to the violet,
'Why are you hiding thus?
Come down from the woods to the garden.'
A garden is our land!

Like walls of white marble
The mountain peaks enclose
A sunny space of emerald green.
A garden is our land!

The early spring has come again
And camped on mountain heights,
And tulips blow in Shalamar.
A garden is our land!

The sweet gift of spring
To fountains, rivulets, streams
And waterfalls is music.
A garden is our land!

Colourful flowers bloom
In gardens and on hill and mountain,
Forests, ravines and river banks.
A garden is our land!

Blossoms are everywhere
In orchards and on hills,
And drunken sings the bulbul:
A garden is our land!

Mahjoor, our motherland
Is the loveliest on earth!
Shall we not love her best?
A garden is our land!

AAZAĀDEE

Sanaa saāree pariv saanyan garan manz tsaayi aazaādee
 Syaṭhaa yātskaāly asi kun jalva haavaan aayi aazaādee

Yi aazaādee chhi traavaan magribas kun rahmatuk baaraan
 Karaan saānis zameenas pyaṭh tsharyay gagraayi aazaādee

Gareebēe muphlisee bebooj naapursaan zabaan bandee
 Ameer rūtsi traayi asi pyaṭh aayi traavaan saayi aazaādee

Yi aazaādee chhi sworgūch hoor pheryaa khaana path
khaanay
 Fakat keñtsan garan andar chhi maaraan graayi aazaādee

Yi aazaādee dapaañ sarmaayidaāree chham na kunyi
thaavūny
 Vwoñ pananyan nish chhi sōmbaraavun hyavaan
sarmaayi aazaādee

Lukan maatam garan andar bihith maahraaza hiv haākim
 Yimav rāṭmūts chhi paanas suūty khalvat shaayi aazaādee

Nabir Shekh zaanyi kathi hōnd maanyi tas tsāly
khaanadaarēny hyath
 Su gav fariyaad karne tas vwopar gari pyaayi aazaādee

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FREEDOM

Let us all offer thanksgiving,
For Freedom has come to us;
It's after ages that she has beamed
Her radiance on us.

In western climes Freedom comes
With a shower of light and grace,
But dry, sterile thunder is all
She has for our own soil.

Poverty and starvation,
Lawlessness and repression, —
It's with these happy blessings
That she has come to us.

Freedom, being of heavenly birth,
Can't move from door to door;
You'll find her camping in the homes
Of a chosen few alone.

She says she will not tolerate
Any wealth in private hands;
That's why they are wringing capital
Out of the hands of every one.

There's mourning in every house,
But in sequestered bowers
Our rulers, like bridegrooms,
Are in dalliance with Freedom.

Nabir Sheikh knows what Freedom means,
For they took away his wife;
He raised a hue and cry, until
She bore a child elsewhere.

Katshan taamat daapaañ vuchhahas sate lañi tòmla
 mwochhi baapath
 Phòtis kyath gara any pootse tshaayi aaram baayi
 aazaadee

Gamüty damphäty chhi saäre bekaraäre chhakh
dilan andar
 Dapaan vanahäv panun ahvaal asi maa laayi aazaadee

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wo : got	ṭ : <i>till</i>	ɖ : <i>do</i>	ts : <i>tsar</i> (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

They searched her armpits seven times
To see if she was hiding rice;
In a basket covered with a shawl
The peasant's wife brought Freedom home.

There's restlessness in every heart,
But no one dare speak out —
Afraid that with their free expression
Freedom may be annoyed.

Nabir Sheikh — used as a generic name for those who suffered thus
hiding rice — officials at the octroi post have to see that rice is not
smuggled into Srinagar

POSHINOOLO

Poshinoolo hoshi saan roz vañda draav bëyi soñt aav
Ranga ranga phòly posh baagas ner tsùti gulzaar chhaav

Panjaras mañz zaakh àthy mañz

vaàns guzaraavaan aakh

Khula fizahas mañz vuphun hèchh vaash kaḍ vasvaas traav

Aayatan chhay poshi thari yath lanji khwosh chhuy tath
bèhakh

Baagavaanay gaär aasee pas tsè maa rozee yi baav

Shraavanas zaan kadro kuumat yaavanas tul kaañh

maphaad

Baây varzith lookh arzith ulfatuk mas baágaraav

Phaáz gav süy vaati yus aaman ta khaasan varna kyaah

Kas na råtsharaavüny tagan yèti baây band tay aashnaav

Dushmanas sangeen sazaa dyun badla hyon chhuna

kaàñh kamaal

Tyuth salookah kar tsù tas yuth lola saan hëyi chon naav

Draay vaaryal baaga mañza jaanaavaran pheer zindagee
Tsù ti agar vaaryal banakh bas gav baraabar aav jaav

Chaani baaguk khaara jigaras nyèbrimèn jaanaavaran

Tsaay baagas mañz dapaan chhukh yim karan myonuy

bachaav

à : pertain	aā : bird	e : male	é : met
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O GOLDEN ORIOLE

O golden oriole, winter's gone,
Gay spring has come again!
Step out and feast your weary eyes
On the myriad flowers abloom.

Born in a cage where the candle
Of your life has guttered low,
Shed your fear and, spreading wings,
Learn flight in God's free air.

Flowering plants have spread their arms,
Perch on the bough your fancy takes;
But with an alien as your gardener,
This freedom won't remain.

Know how precious midsummer is!
Don't let your youth run waste!
Pour the wine of universal love,
For all men are friends, not foes.

Goodness does not discriminate
Between the high and the low;
There's no greatness in lavishing bounty
On one's own kin alone.

Strength lies not in severe reprisals
Nor in cruel revenge.
You can win over bitterest foes
With the force of love alone.

Hawks have left your garden,
And birds are all in song;
But if you yourself turn a hawk,
How futile was this change!

Naive indeed is your faith to see
As saviours and redeemers
Interloping birds that burn
With envy of your lot.

Dig satüty sünz zaani bumsin gaärzaanan kyaah khabar
Tház kulaah dith jaanavaaraah suüty chhis vaaryal ta kaav

Zor saálaabuk chhu Vwolaras khatra Vijavaavuk ti chhus
Gaaṭ chhuy vunyi door vaarah vaav vüchh vüchh naav
traav

Os gulzaaras andar Mahjoor vaayaan lola saaz
Az dapaan bulbul ti kyaah gav panjaras mañz kona tsaav

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The earth-worm knows how the hoopoe bites.
Those unaffected do not know
This grand high-turbaned bird is one
With all the hawks and crows.

The Wular Lake is still in flood,
The North Wind howling strong,
The shore is far away and you
Must steer your course with care.

Mahjoor has always sung love songs
In freedom in his garden.
'This is no way', the new bulbuls say,
'For he must enter a cage!'

North Wind — a dangerous wind on the Wular Lake



ABDUL QADOOS RASA JAVIDANI

b. 1901

Born at Bhadrawah. Comes from a family which migrated from Anantnag to Bhadarwah during the Sikh rule. Started business after having studied upto the 8th standard. Passed the Persian examinations, Adib Fazil and Munshi Fazil and started writing poems in Urdu. Was appointed teacher in a Govt school, in which profession he continued till his retirement. His first Urdu poem, *Laila Sahra* was written in 1926. His advent into Kashmiri poetry came much later. Literary influences: Rasul Mir and Mahjoor in Kashmiri and Akhtar Shirani in Urdu. Represented Kashmir in the National Mushaira in 1961. Has published his Kashmiri poems under the title *Nairang-e-gazal*.

GAZAL I

Dòpun vandaham tsü kyaah dòpmas javaanee
Dòpun tamy pata mè dòpmas zindagaanee
Dòpun kyaah chhukh yatshaan dar har do aalam
Mè dòpmas bas chaanee mèharbaanee
Dapyaamas parda tul dòpnam chhuyaa taab
Vònum 'arinee' ta boozum 'lan taraanee'

GAZAL II

Jaan lekhayaa kina jaanaana lolo
Naama shoobee kamyoo anvaana lolo
Kath na shaaye chhu chon nooraana lolo
Kaaba baasaan chhumo butkhaana lolo
Az na Majnoon ta Farhaad paana lolo
Sood àshkun rood afsaana lolo
Paan vandanye su aayaas lola bòrmu
Zol shamahan kyaazi parvaana lolo
Mang ma yaaree tsü har shaayi gaatajaaras
Kunyi jaaye laag devaana lolo
Gona graavay pazi naa naakhwodaayas
Naav bòth làjy yèli toophaana lolo
Husni seerath chhu Rasahas chon mahboob
Khat-o-khaalas chhuna devaana lolo

GAZAL I

She said, 'What will you offer?'
I said, 'My youth.'
She said, 'After that?'
'My life,' I said.

She: 'What do you crave for
In this world and the next?'
I: 'Your kindness
Is all I want.'

'O lift your veil!' I implored.
She said, 'Can you bear it?'
I said, 'I can', and I heard,
'Boast!'

GAZAL II

Shall I call you my life or my love?
How shall I address these lines to you?

Show me the place where your light isn't seen —
The kaaba and the temple are the same to me.

Gone are both Majnu and Farhad —
Only the stories of their love remain.

He came to offer his life with love.
Then why should the lamp have burnt this moth?

Don't seek always wisdom's guidance —
At times be also mad.

Who would blame the boatman for complaining
When the boat is caught in a shoal in storm?

Rasa is in love with your tender heart;
He is not bewitched by line and form.



ABDUL AHAD AZAD

1903-1948

Born at Rangar, Badgam. Studied upto the 3rd standard. Was appointed teacher in Arabic in a Govt school in 1919. Passed the Munshi Alim examination in Persian in 1926. Started writing poems quite early under the pen name 'Ahad', which he later changed to 'Janbaz' and finally, in 1931, to 'Azad'. Wrote first in Persian and Urdu, and later in Kashmiri. Met Mahjoor in 1935, when he was undergoing training at the Normal Training School, Srinagar, and was quite impressed. Literary influences: Iqbal and the progressive writers. Politically, he remained a Radical Marxist throughout his life. His work *Kashmiri Language and Poetry* was published in 1959 by the Cultural Academy.

INKALAAB

Zindagee kyaah? inkalaaban hânz kitaab
 Inkalaab-o-inkalaab-o-inkalaab

Zindagee hõnd asal maane iztaraab
 Iztaraabuk maane matlab inkalaab

Inkalaabav paâda kâry mazhab ta deen
 Inkalaabav kos shak hovukh yakeen

Gaatajaâree khatam kâr paygambaree
 Rooz baakûy shaâyiree sodaagaree

Bronṭh kun pakh darda baagan bar mûtsar
 Chhay banemûts parda hish pananee nazar

Yémy bahaaran sheen traāvith ḍoṭh trov
 Poshibaagûy zaani tâmy kus daag thov

Akh ti maaryas byaakh haaryas daari khoon
 Tshaavûlis teeris hihuy puj raamahoon

Khooni mardan thov konoonan halaal
 Rath chavaan paadar sūhan kamzaat shaal

Vaay majbooree gwolaâmee bandagee
 Bekaraâree bekasee sharmandagee

Parda tsath dilakyan hubaaban tul nakaab
 Inkalaab an inkalaab an inkalaab

â : pertain	aâ : bird	e : male	é : met
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consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

CHANGE

What is life but the book of change?
Change — more change — and yet more change!

Flux is the living reality,
And change the meaning of flux.

It's change that brought forth religion,
Banished doubt, revealed true faith.

Now reason has banished prophecy —
Only poetry and trade remain.

Advance! Open the gates of the garden of love;
Your own sight is veiling your eyes.

Ask flowers how cruel is spring,
Breaking frost with a shower of hail!

To the sheep and the goat, the butcher and the wolf
Are alike — one slays, the other drains blood.

The law has sanctioned human slaughter;
Mean jackals are feasting on lions' blood.

O compulsion! slavery! subjection!
O restless, helpless heart! O shame!

Rend the veil! Uncover the seething, bubbling heart!
Change! Change! Bring a new change!

poetry and trade — the poetry of the rituals and the lucrative
business the priests have found in them

AARAVĀL

Vaara mē vanta aaravāly kyaazi gāyakh vwobaāliye
Jaādy kāree ta kan bāree vanta yi kām̄y gulaāliye

Saaza dyakas shoobee tsē swon vanta yi kyaah gayee vanan
Door tsājikh phōjikh vanan noora barūtsy mashaāliye

Zooni tsū chooni chhakh jaraan saaz karaan tsū dyan
Nēhagaṭe tsū kyaah karaan rwopa vanūch gōpaāliye
baraan

Droy phāṭith yi lola zar parda tsāṭith rōṭuth thazar
Chhaa sū khāṭith vanan andar yēm̄y tsū karūkh vwobaāliye

Shoka yasūndi chhakh chhivaan nari yēm̄is tsū aalavaan
Chhum na kunye vane yivaan shama dilūky mē zaāliye

Āshk pharaan kaman kaman tapa rēshan ta aālīman
Āshk karaan chhū mosuman poshi badan kazaāliye

Tulri ṭwopal avaara vaav lol panun ma raavaraav
Maara matis tsū guzūraav paana panūny yi ḍaāliye

ā : pertain	āā : bird	e : male	é : met
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THE WILD ROSE

Tell me truly, O wild rose,
What makes you waste away.
Has the tulip put a spell on you,
Or a hard word in your ear?

Gold should deck your scented brow,
Which is languishing in sad neglect.
O flaming torch, why run away
To bloom in distant woods?

I see you bloom in the light of the day
And gather gems when the moon is bright;
But what do you do on coal-dark nights,
O queen of the silver woods?

Your love's anguish bursts through all
Disguise, O dweller on heights!
Has he gone to hide in the deep woods
For whom you are pining thus?

He whose thought is joyful dance,
To whom you offer life and soul,
Why can't I see him anywhere,
Though I've lit the lamps of my heart?

Love has plundered every one,
Holy saints and learned men;
Love puts black soot on the rosy frames
Of young and innocent souls.

Don't make your love like the wayward breeze
Stung by wandering bees;
Make it a precious offering
At the feet of the one you love.

Darda gulan gáyakh buchhith aarapalan tsè dil ràchhith
Sangdilan andar vùchhith laal mwolüly mwolaäliye

Gaara gayee tsè khworda saäly yaar banaan chhi
Meer vuchhum banaan phatsaäly daata banaan savaäliye
dyaara vaäly

Bosh ta husan pooshynay poshi bahaar tooshynay
Chhaavee dōhay dilüch phulay toshee tsü poshimaaliye

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How glad you've made the stones in brooks,
Leaving the lovesick guls forlorn!
Are you there because precious rubies
Nestle in hearts of stone?

Or were you early driven by deep disgust
With the hollow friendship of moneyed men,
Or seeing rich men turn penurious
And generous donors poor beggars?

May your joy and beauty never wane!
May floral spring adorn you!
O lovely flower, may the bloom on your face
And the bloom in your heart increase!

DĀRIYAAV

Tsalaan chhum shar hubaaban iztaraaban valvalan andar
Yivaan chhum zindagee hōnd soz safran manzilan andar

Kanyan khambryan khayān khraashan pakaan chhus
manz gaṭyan gaashan
Na chhus mōhtaaj shaabaashan na chhus mushtaak
gindabaashan
Yuthuy chhus raata kruulan manz tyuthuy chhus
bulbulan andar

Khoshaamad kārytanam kaantshaa maalaamat
kārytanam kaantshaa
Bū yath kyut chhus gōmut paādaa karun chhum tee
ḍarun kas kyaah
Bū nokar chhusna kaanh afsar lēkhyam naakaābilan andar

Mē aadat chhuy na path pherun mē nish gav
brōnhkunuy nerun
Na chhus gul paan chhum sherun na bulbul ol chhum yerun
Bū chhus khwosh pehtaaban inkalaaban zalzalan andar

Baṭhyan beran sanyan vwognyan ts aṭith vaalaan
chhus boshe
Daryan takryan ṭharyan sāry pēthy gātshith ḍaalaan
chhus hoshe
Na chhum thaarun na dil haarun mē nyaayan gaāngalan
andar

Kaman sangeen kalaayan tay balaayan paan chhaavaan
chhus

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THE RIVER

My yearnings find expression
In bubbles, commotion, tumult;
It's in wandering to distant goals
That I find the music of life.

I move on day and night
Through rocks, ravines and ditches;
I do not pause for praise,
I do not pause for play;
I am at home with the bats
As I am with the bulbuls.

Flattery cannot tickle me
Nor disparagement make me falter;
A purpose brought me here
And I live to see it through;
I am not fettered, as men are,
By the fear of disapprobation.

Forever faring forward,
I know no turning back;
I don't adorn myself like flowers,
Nor build nests like the bulbuls;
My delight is in swift eddies,
Revolutions and earthquakes.

I cleave the sides of the banks and bunds,
And level the high ground with the low;
Leaping o'er proud, strong obstructions,
I scare their wits away.
I do not seek a fight.
But meeting it, I do not quail.

I hurl myself against stone ramparts
And other mortal barriers;

Panun chhakraavanay aamut kunyar bëyi sòmbaraavan
chhus
 Tsataan sangar ta thaasaan baal pheraan jangalan andar
 Dyutum parvaaz obras raahatuk taaseer baaraanas
 Vâlim yim neely jaama ta laajvardee jaama asmaanas
 Tulaan chhus hol gagaraayan ta sholaan vuzmalan andar
 Bû vathraan pharshi makhmal pyaṭh kinaaran taaza
yaaran kyut
 Mazooran thākymütyan bëyi shoka vaalyan dostdaaran
kyut
 Behyan raahat karan dyava farhataah vaatyakh
dilan andar
 Ameeraah baadshaahaa aāsytan hyōndaah mussalmaanaah
 Bû kath praaras bihin chhaāvin chëyin naāvin barin
baanaah
 Më nish raajaah navabaah saāyilaah akh saāyilaan andar
 Sanyar vōgnyaar bāṭhy tay bera ḍeeshith jera chhum
yivaan
 Kunyar yaksaa chhus tshaaraan laaraan yoot maaraan
paan
 Tavay chhus aab aāsith vaara tulavyan tyōngalan andar
 Yinuk gatshanuk zyanuk maranuk na chhum parvaah na
chhum kaānh gam

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Then collecting once again the fragments
Of my scattered self,
I hurl down rocks, wear down hills
And roam in the forests free.

I give wings to the cloud
And the gift of mercy to the rain,
And it's I who dress the firmament
In blue and purple robes;
Mine is the voice of the thunder,
Mine the flame in the lightning.

I spread green velvet carpets
On my banks for friends,
For tired limbs of hard-worked labour
And for lovers of pleasure;
They come and sit and bathe and drink
In freedom and in joy.

But I do not wait on any one!
Hindus, Muslims, men of wealth,
Rajas, nawabs come and rest,
Seeking balm for bruised spirits.
But to me they are all suppliants
Among the many who come to me.

I shall not rest till the world is rid
Of the embankments that divide,
Of ditch and hollow that deform
Its smooth and lovely face.
This passion, like a consuming fire,
Burns me even though I'm water.

Coming and going, birth and death
Are all the same to me.

Na chhus haàraan vaatan kam na chhum pheraan gây
kam kam
 Chhi yith yith vâhma tay vasvaas aasaan buzdilan andar

Jigar chhus sangaran katraan raftaaras swo garmee chham
 Madanvaaran badan naavan atvaaran swo narmee chham
 Syazar tay lol chhum bâry bâry varan pechan valan andar

Gulan tay bulbulan manz chhus bù vaayaan myooṭh
santooraah
 Palan sangeen dilan manz inkalaabuk ḍol ḍaṇḍooraah
 Yitshûy narmee titshûy garmee chhê myaanyan
galgalan andar

Daraan yêti kâhra myaanye lâhra maaran vakhta bāḍy
valaveer
 Tate poshe tharyan chhus roshi chaavaan daayi hāṇḍy
paāṭhy sheer
 Zuvak myaānyee chhi shamshaadan ta sarvan raāyilan
andar

Syathaa narmee ta diljoyee karaan chhus khoobroyan manz
 Yivaan chhus masvalan hyath tresh khwosh raftaar
joyan manz
 Tulaan tasveer pamposhan bihith poshe ḍalan andar

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I don't wonder who will come,
Nor grieve at the fine men gone —
Futile fears and anxieties,
Which trouble the weak of heart.

Big mountains know my might,
For I split their hearts asunder;
But with gentle caressing hands I bathe
The bodies of beautiful girls.
My flowing stream and waves and eddies
Are bursting with truth and love.

I play soft tunes on my *santoor*
To flowers and the bulbuls,
But the thunder of the drums of revolution
Is my music for hard-hearted rocks;
My gurgling sound is sweet indeed,
But it hides a potent fire.

Puppets of Time, however great,
Quail at the wrath of my waves;
But I play the nurse to flower shrubs
And feed them with my milk;
To the cedar, pine and cypress
I've given my life without stint.

I love to be gentle, I love to play
In the midst of loveliness;
I carry drink to the thirsty iris
In gracefully moving streams,
And I stop to obtain the image
Of the lotus in bloom in the lake

PAZI SHAMSHERE GINDUNAA KAR

Paziche razi lam kunyirüchi vere

Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Rinda mastaanan zindagee phere

Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Valaveer hala vizi path no phere

Valvala tām̐ysund tuli mahshar

Suħa grazi shaal bēhi tsoori tal bere

Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Broonṭhymis patapata pakūvūnyi teere

Paana ti bronṭh kun nazaraah kar

Khayī manz maa gatshakh nayi hānzi vere

Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Mardee chhana swon vatharun here

Tsandanūky laagūny daari ta bar

Swona seri laagūnyi thazi kana vere

Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Gōnd chhuy logmut shoobidaar shere

Baalaadari pyaṭh traāvmūts lar

Ami suūty huri kyaah tshari kalahere

Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Pwokhtakaar mwokhtūchi veri ta zere

Vasi manz sōdras nyeryas shar

Aarakōt treshi hōt phaṭi maa kere

Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

ā : pertain	aa : bird	e : male	é : met
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FIGHT WITH THE SWORD OF TRUTH

Pull at the rope of truth to gain
The strength of the single mind.
Bold aspirants will gain new life.
Fight with the sword of truth!

No brave man flies from the battlefield;
His tumultuous war cry rends the sky.
At his lion's roar jackals hide behind mounds.
Fight with the sword of truth.

O sheep, blindly following others,
Use your eyes, look ahead, my friend,
Lest, dreaming of meadows, you land in a ditch!
Fight with the sword of truth.

You are not great if you've paved your stairs
Or raised your porch with bricks of gold,
And made doors and windows of sandalwood.
Fight with the sword of truth.

The hollow man doesn't cease to be hollow
By reclining in easeful pavilions,
His turban crested with gorgeous plumes.
Fight with the sword of truth.

The wise man whose heart is set on pearls
Dives into the deep and finds his treasure,
While the timid man dies of thirst by the well.
Fight with the sword of truth.

GAZAL

Laay mòhabatùch kamand mulki khwodaa shikaar kar
Rozi mòhabatùch kathaa sozi dilas ma aar kar

Harda vize tsù dil ma haar yi chhu payaami nav bahaar
Taaza gulan chhu intizaar taaza diluk bahaar kar

Zaanyi bichaara banda kyaah lol barun su vwonda kyaah
Bandagiyan khwoshaamadan zyaada ma etibaar kar

Bram ta fareb chhi zulfo kham naazo adaa ta maânzi nam
Zindagiye ma kar sitam rinda hanaa tsù aar kar

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GAZAL

Shoot the arrows of love,
And conquer God's dominion.
Sing loud the song of the heart:
The story of love will remain.

When autumn comes, do not lose heart;
It comes with the promise of spring.
Nature awaits new flowers' arrival:
Revive the spring in your heart.

How little does the slavish mind
Know of love or the loving heart!
Do not rely on empty forms,
Easy salaams and flattery.

False, deceitful are beauty's grace,
Wavy tresses and lovely hands.
Save your life from sore distraction —
Drinker in life's tavern, have pity!

HAA VATANDAARO HO

Tshyata kyaazi gôy gaâratuk naaro ho
Gatshta bedaar haa vatandaaro ho

Chhukh dabyomut khofûchi rabi andar
Bumsinyi hândy paâthy chhay traâvmûts lar
Lahra maaraan neroo shaahmaaro ho
Gatshta bedaar haa vatandaaro ho

Kanyi sheeshi ta aab gôy seemaabas
Gokh haâraan pyokh manz gardaabas
Fota sapunuy kyaazi mwokhta haaro ho
Gatshta bedaar ha vatandaaro ho

Joshi ândrimi tôndrûki dita akh tshaþh
Trêti hândy paâthy pyata arkhalanûy pyaþh
Poshi vananûy tsali khaara khaaro ho
Gatshta bedaar haa vatandaaro ho

â : pertain	aâ : bird	e : male	ê : met
o : go	ô : oasis	û : script	uû : long ù
wo : got	ţ : till	đ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

O, MY COUNTRYMAN!

The fire of your honour is out.
Awake, my countryman!

Do not sleep like a worm
Buried deep in the mud of fear.
Come out in your hooded majesty.
Awake, my countryman!

Caught in a whirlpool, you are amazed to see
Your stone become glass, your quicksilver water,
The pearls of your necklace worthless beads.
Awake, my countryman!

Let flames leap out of the oven of your heart!
Fall like lightning on noxious nettles,
And meadows of flowers will live without fear.
Awake, my countryman!



GHULAM RASUL NAZKI

b. 1909

Born at Mader, Bandipur. Studied Persian and passed the Adib Fazil examination, after which he also passed the B.A. examination. Worked first as a teacher and then as editor of *Taaaleem-e-Jadeed*, and finally as a programme executive in Radio Kashmir. After retirement, started his own Urdu Weekly, *Alghufrān*. At present, he is editor of *Chaman*. Wrote first in Urdu and published his collection of poems, *Nazaakat* in 1932-33. *Deeda-e-tar*, another collection of poems was published later. He also published *Rooh-e-Ghani* (translation of selections from Ghani in Urdu) and *Abdul Ahad Nadim* (a critical biography of Nadim). Started writing in Kashmiri at the insistence of the younger poets. His *Namrood Naama*, a collection of 200 quatrains was published in 1964. Main literary influence: Iqbal.

RUBAĀYAAT

Swo swondarmaal pheraan aās aaran
Kanan gav viginyi vanavun sabzazaaran
Tsalaan thapi thaari buth chhōl aabshaaran
Dapaan tāly ṭaari nazaraah kār bahaaran

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Tsè kun ḍeeshith tsūnūny poshan ḍalaan rang
Dekūchy drūh chaāny ṭooryan dil karaan tang
Yi roshan chon chhum traavaan chhwokan noon
Vuṭhan kumajaar kar zakhman yiyam ang

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Sitaarav zooni vōn vuchh saāny mahfil
Tsè kyaah gōy kyaazi chhakh roozith tsū tanhaa
Vwoshaah traāvith karūn nazaraah ta vōnanakh
Gōtshum akh mahramaa yas raaz vanahaa

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Amis paanas ziyaafāts jaan pwolaavaah khyōn
kabaabaah chhuy
Mè dōpnam maali hyas kāryzi pato aakhūr hisaabaah
chhuy
Rangaarang khyath ta chyath paanas
naseehath jaan kyaah kārnam
Tsè chhay rahmat yi gurbat phaaka rozun bōḍ
savaabaah chhuy

QUATRAINS

When that lovely woman wandered over stream banks,
A fairy song tingled in the meadow's ears;
Tumbling in haste, the waterfall washed his face
And, they say, spring stole a hasty glance.

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Peach blossoms grow pale on beholding you;
Your frown troubles the hearts of buds;
Your radiance is like salt on my old wounds —
The wounds your love alone can heal.

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The stars said to the moon, 'Behold our assembly!
What a pity you've chosen loneliness.'
She looked at them and sighed and said,
'O for some one to share my woes!'

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Dining on dainties, *kabaab* and scented rice,
He says, belching food and morals,
'Beware, friend, of the ultimate reckoning!
Blest are the poor! Fasting ennobles the soul!'



GHULAM HASAN BEG ARIF

b. 1910

Born at Anantnag. Worked as a teacher in Islamia Middle School, Anantnag after passing the Intermediate (Science) examination. Worked as a clerk at a ration depot and later as a laboratory assistant in S P College, Srinagar. Appointed Demonstrator in the same college after passing the B Sc examination from Islamia College, Lahore. Won a Govt scholarship and passed the M Sc examination in Zoology from Aligarh University in 1939. Appointed Deputy Director, Sericulture at the Jammu station in 1948. Appointed Director, Programmes, Radio Kashmir in 1948, but reverted to his post and then promoted to the post of Director, Sericulture in 1950. Sent to China on a 6 months' study tour. While at Lahore, lived next door to Iqbal who influenced him strongly and fostered in him a love for the Kashmiri language. Founded Bazme Adab in 1940. Represented Kashmir at the All-India Writers' Conference convened by the Sahitya Akademi. Was a member of the Kashmir Cultural Front and a member of the editorial board of *Kwong Posh*, journal of the progressive writers. Started the Bazme Adab journal, *Gulrez*, in 1952. Appointed member of the Language (Script) Commission. Started writing poems very early in Kashmiri and Urdu. Translated the Constitution of India into Kashmiri. Helped in the preparation of *The National Bibliography*. Translated Tagore's *Cycle of Spring* and 100 quatrains of Omar Khayyam into Kashmiri. Published his *Rubaayat* (3 vols) and a *masnavi* entitled *Laila*.

RUBAĀYAAT

Siyaāsee dostee chhay kaagazee naav
Tsù harfûky paat̃hy ath pyat̃h paan mo saav
Pakun chhuy broñth bachanũchy thaav soorath
Chhẽ vakhtũchi lahra doraan garzakuy vaav

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Shikaslad vòn yẽmis sarmaayidaaran
Võnus haakim siyaāsee baāzygaaran
Ditsūs humy myat̃ karūs yẽmy zat̃ ti kaamũny
Gareeban rang badlaan vuchh ayaaran

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Manaavaan jashni shaādee vuchh mẽ ablees
Syat̃haa bira baara atsanas logmut fees
Dapaan tsājy akli vwony eemaanachee khay
Kõdum mazhab panun taārũm bẽyan pees

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Kalas pyat̃h vot vòth mulamaaya traamas
Khwochar aav labna ada t̃aakaara aamas
Dyakas aav sharmi hònd guma asni lājy sum
Pato hasrat chhu apzis doom daamas

QUATRAINS

Political friendship is a paper boat,
Fit bed only for the foolish word.
If you would fare forward, beware
The wave of time and the wind of self-interest.

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The rich man called him scum, but fed him on his crumbs.
The political juggler called him king and robbed him of
his rags.

The poor have for ages seen
The changing make-up of the knaves.

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Satan arranged a jolly fete —
The crowds were huge, though the fees were high.
Intellect is now clean of the rust of honesty,
And religion is now an ace of trumps.

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When copper crowned the head, its gilt
Wore off and dross stood all revealed.
The brow perspired for shame, the hair laughed.
Fraudulent show ends always thus.

Vata band gayi jangiyan hònd zor aav
Zyuṭh avaamuk muntakhab az yor aav
Lori tsàṇḍ khèyi phaaka háty akh baakh tshàṭ
Haa khwodaayo az ti búy chhus hor kaav

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Vuchhum aki vwoṭi mwokha sheran banaan shaal
Yivaan yim labana hásy aasaan möyi vaal
Pazyuk apazyuk karaan maahol kaâyim
Vyandaan shastür kalaay aasaan zalüry zaal

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Chikh dits áky bezabaan shury maaji babi süsraay vátsh
Tsyal vachhas dith baanbüre tas diginyi dwoda thatharaay
vátsh
Mè ti gayam gali zyav kòrum mè ti bezabaanee manz sadaa
Kwodratas baba barüna aayam, phitratas thatharaay vátsh

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Gareebay mota bachi saálaab gaalyas
Vanday traavyas bichaaras taaph zaalyas
Zameenas aasmaanas ámysundüy zid
Dohaa banyì heri bwona suy zool zaalyas

All traffic's closed; the troops are out to-day,
For the people's elected chief has arrived.
The baton struck the half-starved, eager fool
Who cried, 'O Lord, now too it's I!'

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One leap shows the jackal with leonine face.
Those who seem elephants lack the strength of a hair.
In this world of strange dissembling,
Spider webs assume the aspect of formidable iron walls.

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With the speechless baby's sudden cry,
restless were the mother's breasts,
And as she pressed them in a hurry,
a spout of milk came gushing forth.
I was speechless with amazement
and a wordless cry escaped me too,
At which Nature's breasts grew restless
and seemed to burst with milk.

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Till the poor man dies, he is ruined by the flood;
If the winter spares him, there's the heat that will burn.
Nothing but hate for him fills the earth and the sky.
But one day he'll make a bonfire of everything
above and below.

Aārifo pananyis swonas khwōṭ tsaan mo
Yath na kaahavaṭ shōd vaneē shōd maan mo
Yuthna naaras manz gālith hyakh traam ral
Daāny tsaālith paan bāly mwola vaal mo

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Zahar khyath zindagee hānz aash bekaar
Anyuv pyath aaftaabuk gaash bekaar
Sulaymaan ḍeshanuk yas rēyi na shokūy
Tāmis rēyi kyut pakhan hōnd vaash bekaar

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Chhu yāts bēhtar mē nish suy rind-i-maynosh
Tsuvaṭi pyaṭh pyath yēmis diyī māstiyee hosh
Tāmis darvesha sūndi khwota braari buth yas
Yēmis vasi manz bihith Shetaan roposh

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Bū kara tath raāts hānzi gaṭi gaash kworbaan
Vuzaan yēmi vizi manas paanay chhu Kworaan
Ameē vizi tshyan gatshaan shaāhee phakeeree
Sikandar tashna Khāzras pyaala chaavaan

Arif, do not with baser metal alloy your gold!
What the touchstone rejects is never pure.
When you lie molten o'er the fire, take heed
Against contamination by even a grain of copper.

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Vain is the hope of life after swallowing poison,
Or the light of the sun when the eyes cannot see,
And vain would wings be for the ant
Which never knew the passion to climb Sulaiman.

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To me the drunken man, fallen at the crossroads,
To whom wisdom might come with inebriation,
Is far better than the dervish with seemingly innocent
face,
In whose very marrow Satan sits concealed.

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I'd sacrifice light to the darkness of that night
When the Quran unfolds itself to the soul —
That moment when king and beggar are equal made,
And Sikandar holds the cup to the lips of thirsty Khizir.

Duhul yus raata kruûlas raat kaavas
 Kachhas yus gaavi maza raazas pwolaavas
 Vanav kath nazari paáz, rut kath khayaalas
 Àkis ywosa eed, swoy döymis amaavas

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Ajab sodaagaree insaan maalûch
 Chhê chaalaakan athas manz kunz khayaalûch
 Shahanshaâhee nyêtith gayi, rooz path tsam
 Avaamuk raaj tshûni mâsy looka daalûch

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Yi kentshaa dyut avaamas inkalaaban
 Ajab takseem kôr tath laajavaaban
 Hisas khatsa goli lookan, ðhela khaasan
 Yiman dag dod, human aâshan sharaaban

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consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुत्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

What is day to the bat is night to the crow.
The cow relishes grass as the rich man scented rice.
Which sight shall we call keen, whose thought noble?
One man's feasting Id is another's fasting Amavas.

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Strange is the trade in human material!
Clever men possess the key of ideas.
Kings have shorn us. Now the skin remains,
Which our new rulers will into mocassins turn.

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Strange was the division made by God
Of the gains of political revolution —
Bullets to the people, to the leaders wealth;
These got pain and sickness, those affluence and wine!

Id and Amavasya — one, a day of feasting for the Muslims and
the other, a day of fasting for the Hindus.



DINA NATH WALI ALMAST

b. 1910

Born at Badiyar, Srinagar. Studied upto the Matriculation, after which he studied art at the Amarsingh Technical Institute. Specialised in water colour landscape painting. Tried modern painting, but gave up the experiment. Started writing in Kashmiri in 1935, his first poem, *Vësy tsala hay tsala hay* being in the style of Arnyimaal. Joined the Cultural Congress as a sympathiser and wrote some socio-cultural poems, which were published under the title *Baala Yapaari* in 1956.

GAZAL

Lola hàty armaan myaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Tee agar marzee chhi chaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Posh chhi kati butaraàts pyaṭh tim yim kathan
chaanyan haraan
 Chaani khaàtara Kaamadeev maa sworgakis baagas
pharaan
 Navbahaarùch gul fishaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Tee agar marzee chhi chaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Kaala òbras manz chhi vuzamala prazalithùy dum yuth
tulaan
 Kaala dilasüy manz mè zwon chonuy talaatum tyuth tulaan
 Doṭh hish ashichee ravaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Tee agar marzee chhi chaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Chaàny husnan chovnas bü dwotshi dwotshe aabe hayaat
 Lolanüy chaànee mè bakhshum mota ke gama nish najaat
 Aalavith duniyaayi faànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Tee agar marzee chhi chaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Yòd baṭhyan beran ḡhith niyi kwoli hanzüy mastaana
chaal
 Paathalis manz gäyi ruhith ḡeshith yi chaàny jaanaana
chaal
 Aalavith khoonùch ravaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Tee agar marzee chhi chaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Marhaba khasavun yi yaavun, marhabaa husne jamaal
 Gav rahith Almast vùchhithùy tas musavira sund kamaal
 Musaviree myaàny gazalkhaànee chaani kala pèthy
aalavith
 Tee agar marzee chhi chaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith

GAZAL

I bring you as an offering
My loving heart and longings.
Whatever you bid me sacrifice,
I'll sacrifice for you.

The earth has no such flowers
As those falling from your lips.
They were stolen by the God of Love
From the garden of Paradise.
Your beauty makes the blossoming buds
Of spring look pale and plain.

Just as quick flashes of lightning
Play havoc with black clouds,
Your very thought creates a tumult
In my gloomy breast.
But though my tears fall like thick hail,
They are nothing for your sake.

From your beauty I've freely drunk
The immortal drink of life.
Your love has given me freedom from
The clammy fear of death.
The entire mortal world, my love,
I'd sacrifice for you.

The drunken mountain stream came down,
Destroying banks and bounds;
But as it saw you on the plain,
It forgot to flow.
The coursing of my warm blood
I'd sacrifice for you.

May God bless your youth and grace!
May your beauty never wane!
Glory to that master's hand
Who could paint this masterpiece!
When I think of you, my love,
What is my poet's and painter's skill?



DINA NATH NADIM

b. 1916

Born at Habba Kadal, Srinagar. Studied at the S. P. College, Srinagar. Influenced by the freedom movement and the heroism of Bhagat Singh. Attempted writing in English at the age of 17. Influenced by Iqbal and Chakbast, he started writing verse in Urdu. Arrested during Sheikh Abdulla's national struggle in 1938, and all his poems were seized by the police and destroyed. First employed in a local school in 1940. Elected to the District National Conference in 1948-49. Started writing verse in Kashmiri in 1946. Joined the National Cultural Front in 1947 and the Communist Party in 1950. Elected General Secretary, Progressive Writers' Association in 1950. Member, National Cultural Congress from 49 to 52. General Secretary of this organization from 52 to 54. General Secretary, Kashmir Peace Committee, 51. Member, All-India Peace Conference, 51-53. Delegate to the Asian & Pacific Regions Peace Conference, Peking, 52. General Secretary, All State Cultural Conference, 54-56. President, Kashmir Teachers' Association, 55 onwards. Chairman, Kashmir National Theatre, 60. Elected member of the Sahitya Akademi, 55-57. Member, J & K Academy of Art, Culture and Languages, 60 onwards. Member, Advisory Board, Radio Kashmir, Srinagar, Text Book Advisory Board, Srinagar and State Educational Officers' Conference. Chairman, Kashmir Bhagat (Folk) Theatre. President, Kaashur Markaz, Srinagar. Assistant Director, Social Education, 65-69. General Secretary, Hindu Muslim Amity Council, 67. Principal, Lal Dyad Memorial High School, 63-65 and 69 onwards. Given Sovietland Nehru Award by the USSR in 1971.

IRAADA

Vushun vushun, vwozul vwozul

Vwozul vwozul, vushun vushun

Vushun vwozul, vwozul vushun chhu khoon myon

Javaan chhus tuphaan hyoo janoon myon

Mè shok chhum Kasheeri pyaṭh fidaa gatshun ta jaan dyun

Bù vaav chhus mè kyaah karyam yi aavalun, yi aavalun

Malakh bānith pazyaa ḍalas andar bihun, khaṭith bihun

Banun chhu yup dushmanas chhu dyun lahun, chhu

dyun lahun

Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

Bù shaad chhus karun vatan aazaad chhum, aazaad chhum

Kāṭhyush kāḍith karun chaman aabaad chhum, aabaad

chhum

Vadun rivun pātyum ti vaara yaad chhum, mè yaad chhum

Növuy mè josh chhum növuy iraada chhum, muraad chhum

Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

Dazun, dāzith grazun me kòr ishaara naara vuzmalav

Taluk pyaṭhuk mè bov seer bekaraar zalzalav

Ragan mè khoon bòr növuy shaheed mazaara kyav gulav

Shihiny vwophun mè hov zyav mè āny bahaara bulbulav

Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

Yambürzalan ta sumbalan āchhan chhu növ khumaar hyoo

Gareeb greestis karaan ameer zaarapaara hyoo

Buḍith vwomedanūy chhu lwokachhaar, növ bahaar hyoo

Dilas andar mè pron valvalaah chhu bekaraar hyoo

Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

ā : pertain

āā : bird

e : male

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o : go

ó : oasis

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tsh : aspirate of ts

DETERMINATION

Red and warm, red and warm!
My blood is red and warm!
My youth the force of a storm!

For Kashmir, my land, a martyr I would die;
And whirlpools do not fill the wind with trepidation.
Lulled in the Dal Lake, waves should not hide and linger.
Let us become the flood and wash down the foe!
That's why — that's why
My blood is red and warm.

What joy to fight, O! for my country's liberation!
To chase out the frost and make the garden bloom!
My spurs are the unforgotten tears of yesterday.
I have a new fire, a new determination.
That's why — that's why
My blood is red and warm.

Lightnings signal me to burn bright and thunder;
Restless 'quakes point to a new apocalypse;
Flowers blooming on martyrs' graves
 give new blood to my veins;
The love of vernal blossoms gives me the lion's roar.
That's why — that's why
My blood is red and warm.

The narcissus and the hyacinth have a new fire
in their eyes;
For the rich have learnt to kneel
before the impecunious peasant.
Spring and youth have come to bless grey-haired,
wrinkled hopes,
And centuries' old yearnings are tossing restless
in my breast.
That's why — that's why
My blood is red and warm.

Dazan chhi myaāny van, yiyam karaar kyaah, karaar kyaah
 Rivan chhi myaāny gul, yiyam mè vaar kyaah, mè
 vaar kyaah
 Bū koṁsalan ta phaāsalan ti praara kyaah, bū praara kyaah
 Tulun mè naar chhum, karyam mè naar kyaah, mè
 naar kyaah
 Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon
 Iraada chhum bū haava yaavanuk bahaar aalamas
 Bū sonta vaava paāṭhy kara jigar nisaar aalamas
 Rangan bū pananyi khoona, khaara mwol bū vaara
 shabnamas
 Bānyith bunyul ta naar kara bū laara laar dushmanas
 Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

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Can I find rest when my forests are ablaze?
Can I live in peace when every flower mourns?
Have I the time to wait for lazy councils' deliberations?
I am the lighted torch, and a firebrand dreads not fire!
That's why — that's why
My blood is red and warm.

The fire of youth the world shall know when she beholds me.
I make myself an offering, like the spring breeze,
for the garden;
And I shall dye it with my blood, and dear shall be the dew!
And I shall rout the enemy with earthquake, fire and flood!
That's why — that's why
My blood is red and warm.

BŪ GYAVANA AZ

Bū gyavana az

gulan ta bulbulan ta sumbalan ta masvalan
hōnduy khumaara hōt
ta maara mōt
mōdur mōdur ta nyēndri hōt
su nagma kaañh

Bū gyavana az su nagma kaañh

ti kyaazi az — ti kyaazi az

Gubaara gard jangachee khaṭan chhi rang masvalan

Ta dūhy bushanga janga kee tsaṭan chhi choñth bulbulan

Ta sumbalan apaāry yapaāry gatshaan chhwoñy chhu

haañkalan

Ta vūzmalan bihith āchhan chhu zaal zan

Khāṭith chhi kōh ta baal

Ta kaala ōbur sangaran vālith chhu naal zan

Bū gyavana az

ti kyaazi az chhi jangbaaz jaalsaz hōl gāṇḍith

Kasheeri myaanyi zaag hyath

Bū gyavana az

Bū gyavana az Nishaat, Shaalamaar, aabshaara, laalazaar

kuy naram naram

pishul pishul

ta sabz sabz shabnamuk su nagma kaañh

Bū gyavana az su nagma kaañh

ti kyaazi az — ti kyaazi az

Be vaayi jaayi jaayi taapa kraayi zan chhi zaag hyath

Karan chhi aayi graayi yuth tsalan yi myon baag hyath

tavay chhu shaah āndūry gōmut gulan

chhi laala daag hyath

I WILL NOT SING TODAY

I will not sing today
I will not sing
Of roses and of bulbuls
Of irises and hyacinths
I will not sing
Those drunken and ravishing
Dulcet and sleepy-eyed songs
No more such songs for me!
I will not sing those songs today.
Dust clouds of war have robbed the iris of her hue
The bulbul lies silenced by the thunderous roar of guns
Chains are all a-jingle in the haunts of hyacinths
A haze has blinded lightning's eyes
Hill and mountain lie crouched in fear
And black death
Holds all cloud tops in its embrace.
I will not sing today
For the wily warmonger with loins girt
Lies in ambush for my land.

I will not sing today
I will not sing
Of Nishat and of Shalamar
Of poppy beds and waterfalls
Soft
And silk-smooth melodies
Of the green dew.
I will not sing today
For the determined scorcher
Lies in hiding everywhere
Waiting for a chance to blight whatever is in bloom.
Roses hold their breath in fear
The poppy nurses her stain

Jwoyan chhu güngüraaya pyaṭh ti pähra zan
swoteyi kukili vaah
ta byooṭh haari vanachi ähra zan

Bü gyavana az
ti kyaazi az chhi jangbaaz jaalsaaz höl gändith
Kasheeri myaanyi zaag hyath

Bü gyavana az

Bü gyavana nav bahaara baala yaara ke amaara
kuy rangaaba rang vwozul ta hor
nyool sabaz töt ta shokh
nagma kaañh

Bü gyavana az su nagma kaañh
ti kyaazi az — ti kyaazi az

Bahaara süy chhi laar harda vaava ke zahaara chee
Vanan andar avaara taaza shooviyaa chhi naara chee
Sakhar chhi aadamas ti aadamee sünde shikaara chee
Yambürzalan tavay ṭapis chhi bana gamüts
havaa tshenith pyömut, ta hee chhi
thari bichaari tshyana gamüts

Bü gyavana az

ti kyaazi az chhi jangbaaz jaalsaaz höl gändith
Kasheeri myaani zaag hyath

Bü gyavana az

Bü gyavana az khaahan khalan ta doorinüy
andar su daanda vaäly haäly sund
nyandan hönduy su guma bärith
ti nagma kaañh

Bü gyavana az su nagma kaañh
ti kyaazi az — ti kyaazi az

Khaahan chhu laavi nyaahli laavi daavi zuv nyumut
Khalan chhu haalavan hände yinuk ti päara zan pyömut

The stream's song
The koel's plaint
Have dried up in their hearts
And the wild mynah is tongue-tied with fear.
I will not sing today
For the wily warmonger with loins girt
Lies in ambush for my land.

I will not sing today
 I will not sing
 Of the yearning of first love and the blossoms of
 young spring
 For the autumn wind, poison fanged, is in hot
 pursuit of spring

The hot cry of fire is heard in every forest.
Man has, alas, turned hunter of man!
Behold the poor narcissus with unkempt hair
The jessamine torn from the disconsolate vine
The wind prostrate.
I will not sing today
For the wily warmonger with loins girt
Lies in ambush for my land.

I will not sing today
I will not sing
Of the tiller in the rice fields
Following his plough, sowing, weeding
Transplanting
A song bathed in the sweat of toil
For the poison weeds have sapped earth's vitality
Locust swarms are swooping down on ripe corn

Dyakan pyaṭhūy chhu khopha suṭy guma zan shiṭhith
gōmut

Palan chhu aavalun tswopaāry gath karaan
ta gaasa taany krētyav
krētith
moola zan chhu rath haraan

Bū gyavana az
ti kyaazi az chhi jangbaaz jaalsaaz hōl gāṇḍith
Kasheeri myaanyi zaag hyath

Bū gyavana az — bū gyavana az
twotaam ywotaam na

kōh ta baal
khaah ta ḍoor
gul ta posh
zag ta prōn
kumir ta kukili
bol bosh

harud ta sōnt
van ta baag, jwoyi ta aab, hee gwolaab
shaalamaar, laalazaar, aabshaar, nav bahaar
Zojibaal, Burzabaal, Nangabaal
Sheeshinaag
Vaavajan

Vaara kaara khopha rōst ta pāhra rōst ta āhra rōst

Bū bēyi vuchhakh

Ta tshimbara melavun

sulee

sulee — sulee

Iraada myaāny bēyi asan lasan basan

Ta rathi khasan muraad myaāny

To ṭoṭh myon — nundabon — baag son

Yōhōy panun panun vatan

yi bēyi vuchhan

aabaad aazaad ta khwosh yivun — bahaar hyoo
ta lov lwokachaar hyoo

The sweat on every brow lies frozen with fear
The whirlpool is dancing the Devil's dance
The grass has withered and is bleeding at the roots.
I will not sing today
For the wily warmonger with loins girt
Lies in ambush for my land.

I will not sing today
I will not sing
Until
Hill and mountain
Field and fallow
Bud and blossom
Red rice and white
The koel's song
Spring and fall
Gardens, woods, rivulets, streams
Jessamines, roses, poppies
Cataracts and Shalamar with all the dower of spring
Zojila and Burzal and the sky-kissing Nanga
Sheshanag and Vaavajan
Until all these I see again
Freed from fear, siege and terror
And at the earliest break of dawn
Fulfilment greets my hopes
Until my darling motherland smiles
Like vernal bloom or innocence
In freedom and in joy.

Bū gyava télee — bū gyava télee
 ta sōnta phulūyi mōt gātshith bū gyava télee
 nata twotaam gyavana gyavana zaañh
 su nyëndri mōt khumaara hōt
 bū soz kaañh
 Tavay bū nera — az bū nera — vath bū shera
 bāṭhy ta bera sāmy karakh
 Bū nēra tez nōv kalam ta shraakh hyath
 ta dushmanan ta rāhzanan
 bū nera phera ṭhaakh hyath
 Dwokur kalam ta drot hyath
 Īraada vot prot hyath
 Bū phera jaayi jaayi shaayi shaayi pananyi aayi
 prath balaayi drot hyath
 ḍwokur kalam ta drot hyath
 Rumav rumav bū guma kādith chhalan yi ṭoṭh baag son
 yi nunda bon
 baala yaar — lwokachaar
 chon myon
 Ta khōh ta khayi, khwoḍ ta layi bū noora suūty pooravakh
 Bū gyavana az
 Bū nera az
 Dwokur kalam ta shraakh hyath
 Īraada akh be baak hyath

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consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

And then I will sing
Drunk with the scent of spring.
But never till such time
Those dulcet tunes for me!
But today I will go forth
Not heeding any dangers
With a sharp pen and a sharper sword.
I will stall bandits
With pen and hammer and sickle
And a dauntless resolve.
I will roam everywhere and face every danger
With pen and hammer and sickle.
With sweat from every pore
I will wash my garden dear
And I will fill with light
Every gorge and pit and chasm.
I will go forth
With pen and hammer and sickle
And a dauntless resolve.

warmonger — Pakistan.

Zojila, Burzal — mountain passes in the north.

Sheshnag — mountain lake on the way to Amarnath.

Vaavjan — 'the giant of winds'. Wind-swept mountain top after
Sheshnag.

SWO VIZ

Swo viz yèli myon gaàrath seena daàrith nyeri toophaanas
Phuṭan dand harda vaavas zard rang gatshi kaala

asmaanas
Gatshan gagraayi dam phāṭy tuūr khasi zardaar shetaanas
Traṭan shaah losi naba grany kòl gatshith bèhi doori
vaàraanas

Swo viz yèli myon gaàrath seena daàrith nyeri
toophaanas

Swo viz yèli myaàny hyamath tsong laågith pheri
asmaanas

Sūsar lagi vuzamalan din haājy baavan chaak daamaanas
Lagan swona shraan bekas nyathananyan muphlis

kohastaanan
Vāṭith ganḍi naar òbras taarakan vuzi rēh shamaadaanan
Swo viz yèli myaàny hyamath tsong laågith pheri
asmaanas

Swo viz yèli myaàny rahmat vaav laågith atsi gulistaanas
Vwothan thòd bara gamūty gul thòd vòthith gulzaar
vuzanaavan

Yambürzala lola phwok laáyith gwolaaban naar
vuzanaavan

Su yus kari dwon kunuy setaara tamiche taara
vuzanaavan

Swo viz yèli myaàny rahmat vaav laågith atsi
gulistaanas

Swo viz yèli myaàny seerath choonyi laågith nyeri
daamaanas

Khayaalan mushka ambar yin tamanaa vachh tsāṭith
nyeran

Bahaarūky jaama vāly vāly rāy gamūty armaan pòt pheran
Buḍith hasrat lokūty gātshy gātshy khasan aki davi
satan heran

Swo viz yèli myaàny seerath choonyi laågith nyeri
daamaanas

When my wakened ire hurls
 defiance at the storm,
The autumn wind shall lick the dust,
 the blackest sky turn pale.
Thunder will, stifled, die in her den,
 and opulent Satan shiver.
The sky-quake fly to the distant wastes,
 and stand tongue-tied and stunned.

When my effulgent lamp of courage
 roams the heavens high,
Lightnings, however fierce, shall rend
 their robes and tremble and die.
The poor, naked, helpless hills
 shall bathe in showers of gold.
Cumulous clouds shall burst aflame,
 and the lamps of stars grow bright.

When my gentle breeze of mercy
enters the *gulistan*,
Fallen flowers shall rise again,
the *gulzar* again wake up;
And the narcissi with the breath of love
wake up the roses' fire,
And wake up the strings of the holy lyre
of universal love.

And when I don a robe whose hem
 is set with gems and pearls,
Behold the fragrance in each thought!
 And strangled desire
With the immortal sap of spring
 will maddeningly return.
Yearnings shall, grown young again,
 bound up the seven stairs.

ä : <i>pertain</i>	aa : <i>bird</i>	e : <i>male</i>	é : <i>met</i>
o : <i>go</i>	ô : <i>oasis</i>	û : <i>script</i>	ui : <i>long ü</i>
wo : <i>got</i>	t̥ : <i>till</i>	ɖ : <i>do</i>	ts : <i>tsar (Russian)</i>
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, सुदय			tsh : <i>aspirate of ts</i>

When my physic seeks to cure
 man's desperate ills at last,
Fetters of all the slaves shall break,
 burn down and drop as ashes.
The dumb shall speak, and guile and quibble
 no longer plague men's plans,
Nor gnarled misshapen deformity
 the tree of destiny.

The here shall be the hereafter,
 and the wine of love flow free.
The salt of the earth shall rule the world,
 crowned by Freedom's laws.
The sun and the moon and the stars come down,
 and assemble here below,
And bless and kiss the forehead
 of the meek, the great Free Man.

PRÛTSHUN CHHUM

Dapaan poory kiny gaash lög baashi karane
 Siyaah bakhtanüy mwokhta daamaana barane
 Amaa aav panjaraan yi maa bar mütsarane
 Nabas pyaṭh khasun chhum sitaaran prûtshun chhum

Tsaṭith seena baalan pakun tshaala maaran
 Palan baaj hyath baaj dyun kohasaaran
 Chhu kus shok aabas andar graayi maaran
 Mé anahârshyanüy aabshaaran prûtshun chhum

Kasund khooni armaan chhu baalaadaryan manz
 Kasund guma chhu larzaan paañ tsaadaryan manz
 Kasund rath chhu zotaan vunyi hee tharyan manz
 Nishaatan prûtshun shaalamaaran prûtshun chum

Chhi kâmy khoon dith choonyi daamaana järymüty
 Panun maaz dith saaz-o-saamaana gärymüty
 Tsaṭith nam ta tsam kâmy chhi durdaana gärymüty
 Vachhav talakyanüy mwokhtahaaran prûtshun chum

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I WILL ASK

I see light lispings
On eastern mountain heights.
Has it come to stud with jewels
The dark robes of the downtrodden?
I must ascend the heavens
And ask the stars to speak.

What desire is leaping
In this restless stream,
Cleaving the breasts of the hills,
Frolicking and dancing,
Rich with the rocks' tribute
And giving the mountainsides a dower?
I ask the virgin waterfalls.

Whose desire, strangulated,
Lives in these pavilions?
Whose drops of sweat are trembling
In every waterfall?
Whose blood still scintillates
In every jessamine shrub?
I ask Nishat and Shalamar.

Who with his heart's blood
Studs hems with pearls
And fashions his flesh
Into ornaments of grace?
Who courts his frame's extinction
Chiselling jewels into form?
I ask the pearl necklace
Adorning Beauty's breast.

Khayaalan pyaṭhūy ṭhaana kōt taam rozan
 Bēhyas kahar-o-toofaan kōt taam rozan
 Shōngith myaāny armaan kōt taam rozan
 Ti magroor sarmaayidaaran prūṭshun chhum

Jamhooruk hishar aasi yas sholanaavun
 Avaamuk bajar aasi thazi shaayi thaavun
 Pazyaa shok tas aḍvate nyēndri saavun
 Mazooras prūṭshun kaashkaaras prūṭshun chhum

Zaras bosh zardaaranūy raaj rozyaa
 Tsharyan lori kuṭnan saras taaj rozyaa
 Akis tsōr ta hur byaakh mōhtaaj rozāaa
 Vachhas pyaṭh khāsith taajdaaran prūṭshun chhum

Chhi aki shaayi dolat ta hashmat ta raahat
 Ta bēyi shaayi nāny tan tsharyar phaaka gōrbat
 Chhi kami shaayi tim hyath kalamdaani gaārat
 Adeeban ta fankaar yaaran prūṭshun chhum

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consonant + y : स्य, झ, झ, झ			tsh : aspirate of ts

How long can the lid
On ideas remain?
How long is it possible
To anaesthetise the storm?
How long can you force
Yearnings to slumber?
O proud and rich, reply.

He who would establish
Democratic equality,
Build a dignified monument
To the greatness of the people,
Should he let his aim
Be trapped into slumber?
Reply, O ye my people.

The rule of the rich man,
The supremacy of wealth,
The crown on hollow sticks,
One man's surfeit with plenty,
Another's pain in want —
Can this remain for ever?
Wearers of crowns, reply.

Wealth and pride and comfort
Carousing on one side,
While poverty, nakedness, hunger and want
Stalk, not very far.
I ask you, with your ireful pens,
Poets and fellow artists,
Which camp is yours?

ZINDABAAD SHYAAMJEE

Tsé góy naa kanan növ gyavun baaji saane
Dahàry baaji sane

Thókukh kyaazi lar aḍ vate kyaazi traävüth
Chhé vunyi kaàm baaküy nyandür kyaazi praävüth
Dyututh khoon baagas phulay kona chhaävüth
Chhi náv viz yivaan kona tsé ti aatshanaävüth
Karun yas pazyaa tas marun baaji saane
Dahàry baaji sane

Yi vanaham ti boozum
Khaṭith chhaa? khabar chham
Khabar chham davaa daari baapath tsü loosukh
Khabar chham zi chhényi haari baapath tsü loosukh
Dyututh zuv hyötuth zaañh ti maa pat tsü loosukh
Iraadan navyan path karüth gath tsü loosukh
Tasalee mé chhum zinda chhukh baaji saane
Dahàry baaji saane

Tsü loosukh ta gav kyaah?
Shóngith naar rozyaa?
Tsü loosukh zitiny chaàny maa losi hargiz
Zitiny banyi tyambür braadi ma losi hargiz
Tyambür banyi tywongul braadi maa losi hargiz
Tywongul naar banyi braadi maa losi hargiz
Tavay növ gyavun chhus gyavan baaji saane
Dahàry baaji saane

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ON THE DEATH OF A COMRADE

Comrade! My comrade!

Don't you hear the new and brave song

That we have learnt from you?

Tired? Why lie you down when the journey's not done?

Wherefore should you slumber when our work is just
begun?

Watered with your blood, won't you see the garden bloom?

Won't you wait for a new time's dawn that'll be soon?

Is it right for the architect of the future to assume

Death, my comrade?

Don't I hear what you would say?

Don't I know to what you were a prey?

Chill blasts of poverty made you fade before your noon;

You couldn't afford the cure, — and your sun set soon!

But even in the claws of death you remembered the

plighted troth;

To the flame of new resolves you played the happy moth!

You cannot die, for you are the beacon on our path

Forever, my comrade!

You are no more, — but what of that?

Can fire forever slumber?

You are no more, but your fiery emanation can never die!

It'll flower into a myriad sparks and grow, but never die!

Dead coals, infected, will glow and grow, but never die!

Coals blaze into a flaming fire and grow, but never die!

My lyre has caught this tune, my song this stirring theme

From you, my comrade!

Written on the death of Sham Lal Bakaya, a dedicated worker of
the Cultural Congress.

ME CHHAM AASH PAGAHÜCH

I

Mè chham aash pagahüch
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Dôhas gaash huri gul ta gulzaar prazalan
Zameenas süsar lagi ta sabzaar prazalan
Vachhas manz humis lola phañvaar prazalan
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Kazul laaganay me gatshan àchh kazaálee
Vasyam dwod ta baba ténđy gatshan me vwozaálee
Ta dahi vühüry dashahaar yiyi son saálee
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Kanan gatshi mè chhañ myaañ tsalyam vüy ta vaaye
Vachhas tal mè tsèh tsèh karyam aayi graaye
Laban losa kuñhisüy khasyam moola maaye
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Hu bar tsurnyi tály kan thávith bozi lôt lôt
Ta tház kaär thaävith sü bëyi neri pôt pôt
Ta vanavun hyamas pötra maális yi sôt sôt
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Yinam sädra pananyay vadav chhay mubaarak
Bü chhas pötra maäj chhátra boony phikri taarakh
Hyamakh kwochhi hyavüny az bü maa kéñh ti praarakh
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Dapaan jang chhu vwothavun
Pagaah gôtsh na sapadun
Pagaah sholi duniyaah
Pagaah gôtsh na sapadun

MY HOPE OF TOMORROW

I

I dream of tomorrow
When the world will be beautiful!

O how bright the day, how green the grass!
Flowers paradisal, earth aching with joy,
And dancing fountains of love in his breast!
The world will be beautiful!

A rare confluence of happy stars!
With my eyes sparkling without collyrium,
Rose-red nipples, breasts swelling with milk —
The world will be beautiful!

At the infant's first cry and sucking at my breasts,
My pains will change into a thrill of joy
And the walls of my room shine like gold.
The world will be beautiful!

Drinking in the glad sounds through a crack in the door,
He'll move out smiling, head proudly high,
While I sing softly to my baby's father.
The world will be beautiful!

Then friends will come, wishing me joy,
Each with a gift of money for the child,
While I, a proud mother, will display my treasure.
The world will be beautiful!

They say war is breaking out,
But surely not tomorrow
When the world will be beautiful!
It can't break out tomorrow!

II

Mè chham aash pagahùch
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Bù dòh losanyan hyoo tharyan tshaayi praaras
Ta Heemaal zan lola tay maayi praaras
Gatshyas tser gam kyaah chhu be vaaya praaras
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Su yiyi maayi mòt tshaayi hòl graayi maaran
Bù aasay támis maali kity posh tsaaran
Karyam kath bù roshas ta chhoo lagi ishaaran
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Syaṭhaa hwoṅni ràṭytan bù thava kaâr bwon kun
Ta yèli dàly ràṭyam tèli vùchhas ada àchhyan kun
Ràṭyam naala ada òsh darun maa chhu mumkin
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Thávith kaâr kwochhi manz dilúky daády baavas
Ta rwopa seena kee daag nazaraana thaavas
Prútshas bù tsé kava laájythas lola daavas
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Vanyam dòh chhi názdeek tshòh maari yaavun
Chhu nàny paàṭhy asi lol haavun ta baavun
Pàtyum path chhu traavun ta nòv nechhanaavun
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Dapaan jang chhu vwothavun
Pagaah gòtsh na sapadun
Pagaah vaada chhum tas
Pagaah gòtsh na sapadun

II

I dream of tomorrow
When I have a rendezvous!

When the soft dark comes, I'll be a Heemaal
Bursting with love, waiting behind the shrubs.
He may be late, but I will be Patience.
I have a rendezvous!

Then love's gait and footfall! He peers into every bush
And finds me gathering flowers for his garland.
He whispers my name, but I'm looking at the flowers.
I have a rendezvous!

He begs, he entreats, but I do not lift my head.
He clasps my knees and our eyes meet
And I am in his arms. Who can hold back my tears?
I have a rendezvous!

I pour out my woes, my head in his lap,
Show him love's scars on my silver-pure heart,
Ask him why he has enmeshed me thus.
I have a rendezvous!

Then his pledge that youth and joy will meet
And love no longer be fugitive.
The past is past, let's welcome the dawn.
I have a rendezvous!

They say war is breaking out,
But surely not tomorrow
When I have a rendezvous!
It can't break out tomorrow!

III

Mè chham aash pagahùch
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Yuthuy boza aalav tyuthuy bronṭha neras
Raṭan naala mati zora àndy àndy bû pheras
Nâvis taaza gaasas pyaṭhûy jaay sheras
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Thâkith aasi aamut gwoḍany paad naavas
Ta mwotḥ dòg divaan vâly vâlee nyëndûr paavas
Ta nakha chee gâṭhûr brônḥ kanee nazri thaavas
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Gâṭhri manz nâvee gul ta gulzaar aasan
Mè chhiṭh jaani kana vaaji toomaar aasan
Habeebas khatanhaāj kity dyaar aasan
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Ivûny eez kity âsy palav nâvy banaavav
Ta kacha pooty joraah ti kworbaan thaavav
Habas tsaata baajan shiriny baāgraavav
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Dapaan jang chhu vwothavun
Pagaah gôtsh na sapadun
Shuryan mol vaatyam
Pagaah gôtsh na sapadun

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III

I dream of tomorrow
When my husband is coming!

I'll run to the door when he calls my name
And, holding him tight, dance with delight.
Then I'll make him a nice, soft couch of grass.
My husband is coming!

He'll be footsore and weary; I'll wash his feet,
Rub tired limbs gently and lull him to sleep,
And keep the package he has brought home safe near his
bed.

My husband is coming!

The package is a garden of flowers for me —
Print for me, rings and pendants for Jaan
And money for dear Habib's circumcision.
My husband is coming!

We'll all have new clothes for the coming Id,
A couple of lambs for sacrifice
And sweets for all Habib's class-mates.
My husband is coming!

They say war is breaking out,
But surely not tomorrow
When my husband is coming!
It can't break out tomorrow!

DAL HAANZNI HOND VATSUN

Taaza taaza mē ānymay ḡalay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay
Phulayi vaaṅgan ta paārymi alay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Martsavaaṅgan ta vaaṅgan chhi byōn byōn
Mas malari hyoo vaaṅgun chhu byōn byōn
Naavi manz chhee karaan ṭhwola ṭhwolay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Taaza muji bōdy chhi hili tshaayi zotan
Demba gwogjaah vwozūjy beeb khotan
Žan sangarmaalanūy lājy phulay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Hay tsē latsh pēny tul vwony syaṭhaah chhuy
Draaganūy maāry kyaah dee tsē raah chhuy
Atha raṭee yath talay hay tsalay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Kyaah vanay pātymi brasvaari pyaayas
Zor aāsīm na lāṭhy zora draayas
Dwoda hyaḡur trov mē phari talay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Aaraaval chhōt su chhum vaata muj hyoo
Chhōn ta nōn tuūri hōt sheena tuj hyoo
Ōsh haraan aab zan pyaṭh khyalay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Nasti pambuchhaah kārith maāly sund hyoo
Rempa buth zan lwokuṭ maaji hōnd hyoo
Lēmbi chhu pamposh phōṭmut ḡalay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Zan kanan chhum gatshaan shury vadun hyoo
Zan vachhas tal gatshaan chhum brūtshun hyoo
Az mē dēdy chham syaṭhaah pōt kalay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

SONG OF THE BOATWOMAN

I've brought them fresh from the lake —
Come buy! come buy! come buy!
Small brinjals and round big gourds —
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

My chillies and brinjals are lying in heaps.
And look at those big, wine-dark brinjals
Banging their heads in boisterous play!
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

Fresh radish gleaming in the shade of the weeds,
Marsh turnip blushing like a belle —
O my boat is like the flowering dawn!
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

Come, enough! I've given you enough now!
Remember, famine is stalking the land!
I go now. Will you help me lift this basket?
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

On Thursday last my child was born.
I've no strength, but had to totter forth,
Leaving behind the little baby.
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

White like white radish or wild jessamine;
Shivering naked, cold like a lump of ice,
With big tears in bulging eyes, like drops on lotus leaves —
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

His nose, like his father's, a lotus seed,
But his tiny face so like his mother's —
He's a lovely lotus springing from the lake mud!
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

I hear a baby crying;
Someone is whimpering at my breast!
O my good woman, my heart is not here!
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

SON VATAN

Son vatan posh hyoo
Taava hòt yaavun bahaaruk shaalamaaruk gosh hyoo
Navi poshaakuk bosh hyoo
Phwolavunuy pamposh hyoo
Son vatan lola seeran hònd shihul sarposh hyoo
Yaad pyomut osh hyoo

Asi vatan gulzaar hyoo
Zan buthis gindy gindy chhu khòtmuut laalanüy
vwozajaar hyoo

Toshivun sabzaar hyoo
Son vatan navjavaanee hònd vushun khumaar hyoo
Baala paanuk yaar hyoo

Asi vatan àchhy gaash hyoo
Korimaàlis daji gāṇḍith zan paas swonachee chaash hyoo
Poora gatshavüny aash hyoo
Dwod chavun praagaash hyoo
Gaama mòzryèni zan mǎngith ònmüt chhu jigaruk kaash
hyoo

Yaavanüch ginda baash hyoo

Asi vatan rut gaam hyoo
Thal ruvith zan bonyi shihlis gruüstis aaraam hyoo
Dal dahis pyaṭh shaam hyoo
Āadanuk baadaam hyoo
Trela hyath yātskaāly vòthmut gaama pyaṭha zan
maam hyoo

Maaji hònd mwomadaam hyoo

Asi vatan jaamvaar hyoo
Öngji pùtsanith sùtsni tǎly kòḍ twopagaryav gulzaar hyoo
Reeshamuk shèhajaar hyoo
Tosa anzüly daar hyoo
Doony hachi pyaṭh tworka chhaány khònmüt chhu
zan lwokachhaar hyoo

Aasanuk amaar hyoo

OUR MOTHERLAND

Our motherland —

A flower
The lusty prime of spring
A bower in Shalamar
Ardour of young innocence
Excitement of new clothes
Lovers uniting after a quarrel
A lotus in full bloom
Memory of one's love

A habitat of flowers
Children's cheeks flushed with joy
Delightful greenery
The drunkenness of youth
First love

The light of one's eyes
Pure gold for one's daughter
Hope nearing fulfilment
Infant dawn
Joy of the peasant woman adopting a child
The wild abandon of youth

A lovely village
Peasant's siesta after hard toil
An evening on the Dal Lake
A green almond
A long absent uncle arriving from the village
with a gift of apples
Sweetness flowing from mother's breasts

Softest wool
Garden conjured up by the embroiderer's needle
The cool feel of silk
A broad-bordered shawl
Youth carved on the walnut wood
The vision of plenty

Àsy chhi vatanúky raächhdar
Lal Dyedi hânz aavaaz hyath
Haba Khotooni yus laluvmut lwoli andar suy saaz hyath
Àsy chhi az nôv saaz hyath
Sonta vaavuk bolavun may khwosh môdur andaaz hyath

â : pertain	ââ : bird	e : male	é : met
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wo : got	ṭ : till	ḍ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

We are her sentinels.
With the voice of Laldyad ringing in our ears,
The fire of Habba Khotan glowing in our hearts,
And with new music we stand today —
With sweet songs that sing on the lips of the spring breeze!

a long absent uncle — In Kashmir, whenever an uncle comes from a village, he brings a bag full of apples and other fruit for the children, for whom his arrival is a great joy.

Lad Dyad — Kashmir's first and greatest mystical poet.

Habba Khotan — the first great lyrical poet, a peasant girl from Pampur who became the consort of King Yusuf Shah Chak (16th century).

TSE CHHEE NAA YAAD TIM DÖH

Tsè chhee naa lola myaane yaad tim dōh
 Gindaan os son yaavun 'tsoori tsoore'
 Vuchhaan aasy akh akis aasy doori doore
 Karaan aasy kaala pagahūch sūts baraan dōh
 Na aasun krooṭh pyav haaras kōrun pōh
 Chhēnith pan pyav bahaaras laavi moore
 Magar vunyi tsong loluk saani zoore
 Chhu vuzavaan gaash gaṭakaaras karaan tōh
 Ameer aki gaashi lūyi thāv aash myāanee
 Pakaan gav kaāfilaah saane amaaruk
 Amaaran lājy phulay nōv sont vwotalyav
 Gulaalav phwolana vizi rāṭ traay chaānee
 Chhu vwosh chon khwosh havaa saane bahaaruk
 Nāvis samayas chhu chonuy nek partav

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DON'T YOU REMEMBER THOSE DAYS?

Don't you, my sweetheart remember those days
Of our young love, when we played hide and seek,
And our eyes spoke as we stole furtive glances?
O what excitement and what plans for every morrow!
Fell grief came stalking in since I was poor.
Green leaves on the tender branch decayed and fell
In spring time. Bright June into chill December turned.
But the lamp of love we lighted on our scone
Still blazes bright, making darkness dissolve.
This shaft of love has kept alive my hope.
When I moved with the moving caravan of world love,
A new spring dawned, love blossoming everywhere.
Tulips in bloom were so like you in bloom.
Your sighs are the gentle breezes of our spring,
And the new times bask in the radiance of your light.

ZOON KHÀTS TSÒT HISH

Dóha aki kóha pátý zoon khàts tsòt hish
 Naalas tshenymùtsa tanyi vatsha traävith
 Rwopa tanyi hanyi hanyi daag nànyiraävith
 Pana pana gàmùts pompüry pòt hish
 Zoon khàts tsòt hish tháchmùts gòt hish
 Zan mòzaryèni kas taam tshala raävith
 Thekadarán áky tháv pusharaävith
 Phuṭavaātis suúty rwopayaah khòt hish
 Zoon khàts tsòt hish bwochhi lájy baalan
 Öbran hyàts bëyi gájy tshévaraavüny
 Vana viginyav pyöv zan vwotha daanas
 Bata kuly zan kháty sangarmaalan
 Mè ti hêts phaaka phàris shèchh baavüny
 Àchh phiry phiry vuchh mè ti asmaanas

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THE MOON

The moon rose from behind the mountain,
Dressed in worn-out, threadbare, Pampur tweed;
Open collar with frayed bands revealing
Sad dark stains on silver-white skin;
With a face like a big round loaf of bread;
Dull like a false rupee a contractor
Gives some ignorant woman labourer
By guile, mixed with other coins.
The moon a loaf; and the mountains hungry!
The clouds put out again their kitchen fires,
But the forest fairies lit their stoves
And rice seemed to grow on mountain peaks.
I gave the glad news to my starving belly
And gazed with all eyes at the hopeful sky.

Pampur tweed — Pampur was famous for the best tweed woven in
Kashmir.

SUBADAM

Kunuy zòn yàts chhu paratshyòn gaasha taaruk
 Màshit gomut chhu shaayad kaaravaanas
 Chhu lògmüt laäry kiny bechaara daaruk
 Panüny tshaaraan divaan vány aasmaanas
 Gulaalan vuchh ta seenas gav támis daag
 Pathar shabnam bányith volun dar aagosh
 Zameenan duaa kórus nävnas kunis baag
 Tharyan dukaveri pèy tooryan thanay posh
 Nabas pyaṭh os kun bwon vóth syaṭhaa gav
 Khwochar thazaruk tsólus milatsaarasüy manz
 Gulan manz gul ta lavi manz mwokhta sapadyav
 Hayaatuk pay löbun gulzaarasüy manz
 Avaamas suüty yas gav myul sü brónh pòk
 Bèdun yus rood mánzilas vaatanay thòk

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MORNING

Alone, the morning star is truly forlorn.
Left behind by the shining caravan,
The poor sojourner has lost his way
And scans the sky for his comrades.
The tulip, pitying his plight, dragged him down
Into her lap in the form of dew;
Bounteous earth blessed him with increase;
Buds on bushes blossomed in twins.
Alone in the sky, coming down he became many;
Happy comradeship cured the false pride of height.
A flower among flowers, and pearl in the breeze —
The garden taught him the great secret of life.
Erase your ego, and you move forward with the many;
In isolation a bleak death crowns a pointless life.

AMAN APEELI PYATH DASKHAT

Mè dōpmas kaagadas pyaṭh kar tsū daskhat
Achhan kun tas vuchhum kyaahṭaam sapdum

Tasūnza tima chashma phōlymūty hee vāthūr zan
Yambūrzala bōmbra rōs begaash joraah
Divaan sādras chhi vāny aakaash joraah
Dwodaṽ pyaalan apūz khātsmūts chhi thur zan

Chhatis pamposhasūy zaamūty gōbar zan
Pragaashas zan kapūtymūty kaash joraah
Sangarmaalan hānzay ginda baash joraah
Kōhas pyaṭh naaga pwokharyan manz ōbur zan

Muday gāṇḍith chhi praaraan zan pragaashas
Tshandaan mwoniphāly chhi pyavanis shabnamas manz
Vuphaan zan laava hāty aalamas manz
Zūtsan hāndy paāṭhy doraan zan chhi raashas

Mè dōpmas kaagadas pyaṭh kar tsū daskhat
Vuṭhan pyaṭh vasnyi lōg maasum asun tas
Hyōtun ṭaaryan andar zan yup khasun tas
Kalam saaraan vaaraah ōsh rōṭun path

Magar buthy phiry zū phēry ṭaaryan khasnyi lāgy
Mwolūly durdaana zan dukaveri zaamūty
Chhi nooras vuchhnyi baagas ṭoory draamūty
Gagus trovukh āchhar vaalan asnyi lāgy

Mwochhe manz atha rāṭith vōnnam yi lōt lōt
Sadaah vārishe āchhan hōnd gaash rovim
Vachhe talakuy mè jigaruk kaash rovim
Bamav golav mè kōrham yaavanas sōt
Vadun sāry pēṭhy mè gav vwoṇy vadana hargiz

Achar vaalav dūnan dits āsh phēryan dwon
Pathar pēyi kaagadas pyaṭh mwokhta lar zan
Hōkhith gāy rwopa pāṭis pyaṭh swona achhar zan
Chhi amanas raāchh vūnyi tim shola maaraan

SIGNATURE ON THE PEACE APPEAL

I said, 'Sign on this paper.'

But when I looked into her eyes, I felt a stab of pain.

Those lightless eyes, two petals of blossoming jessamine,

Two narcissi unkissed by bees,

Cloudless skies scanning the placid lake,

Empty froth on two cups of milk,

Twin infants of a white lotus,

Two slices cut from the earliest dawn,

Two peaks laughing in the morning light,

Two clouds nestling in mountain springs,

Gazed, as if waiting for the dawn,

Or looking for pearls in the morning dew,

Or taking flight from this dark world

Like dancing sparks in an upward blaze.

I said, 'Sign on this paper.'

An innocent smile played upon her lips,

But floods gathered in her eyes.

Groping for the pen, she held them back,

But two obstinate tears rolled out —

Two precious pearls,

Two buds burst forth to greet the light —

And swung on the eyelashes and laughed.

Taking my hand in hers, she whispered,

'It's war that snatched my infant child,

My life's bloom, the light of my eyes!

But I've steeled myself to live again.'

The trembling tears, shaken off by the eyelashes,

Dropped like pearls on the paper,

And dried up like golden writing on a silver plate —

To remain for ever two vigilant guardians of peace.

LAKHCHUN

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun

Bumi hânzi sumi tal

Siriyi prazalvun

Zan Naägyraayas

Yaari äkis tal

Manka chhu möthmut

Balapooris tshaaraan Heemaal

Nata aasmaanas rwonyi daamaanas

Öbras kwochhi kyath sangarmaal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun

Hwonji hânzi lanji pyaṭh

Mwokhta prazalvun

Zan Májloonas Nájda vanas manz

Khaab chhu aamut

Laäl chhi praaraan ṭhari dith baal

Nata zan raäts chhu buthi pyaṭha tulmut

Shabnam tath chhu banyomut khaal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun

Dyaka kuy ṭika zan

Taaph prazalvun

Sangal deepüchi rwonyi padmaane

Praagaashan dyaka myooṭh chhu dyutmut

Noorjahaanaa hoor misaal

Nata zan haranan kwola saras kun

Vana pyaṭha neemüts tshyaph dith tshaal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun

Ath chhuna mwolavun

Laal prazalvun

Guli laalas zan

Chhwokalad vachhakuy

THE MOLE

Lakhchi's mole
Below the parting of brows
Is like the radiant sun,
Or the gleaming jewel
Naagyraay left
Under a pine
On his way to Balapur to meet Heemaal,
Or bright bells pendent in the sky's border,
Or dawn nestling in the lap of clouds.

Lakhchi's mole
On a branch
Of her flowering face
Shines like a pearl,
Like Majnu's dream
In the desert of Najd
Of Leila waiting behind the hill,
Or like the essence of the crystalline dew
Which the night has removed from her face.

She has a mole
On her forehead
Like a beauty mark
Scattering sunshine;
Like beauteous princess
Of Sangal Deep
Kissed on the forehead by bright dawn;
Or Noor Jehan, beauty without compeer;
Or a timorous deer from the edge of the wood
Bounding all of a sudden to Kola Sar.

She has a mole
Priceless
A shining ruby,
Or the darksome stain
In the wounded heart

Daag vwozum hyòt
Dakalad zoonye
Gaashas gaṭa hish naālee naal
Nata shafkan kār shaamūchi tshaaye
Kapṭith pātaryan bindaryan maal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun
Hanga talakanya kuy
Door prazalvun
Harmwokha pyaṭha che
Prēnyi shinamaanye
Vuzamali zan vūny
Bosa chhu kōrmut
Bōmbaras praaraan swondarmaal
Nata zan vana sūy manz Seetaaye
Āsh ḍal aamut maalaamaal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun
Shaah ragi hyòr kun
Lol prazalvun
Zan dēdi myaanye
Vachha tala ròchhmut
Mwoni phòl āchh hònd
Chhēnyi mòhbata suūty ònmūt maal
Nata aki gārbēnyi kana manza tsaārith
Phali phali tujmūts lēji kits tsaal

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Of the tulip, borrowed
By the jilted moon;
Light and darkness in close embrace;
Or dusk making a garland
Of pieces cut from the evening's shadows.

She has a mole
Below the temple,
An earring glowing
Like the kiss of lightning
On the spotless snows
Of Harmukh Glacier;
A maiden glowing before the love tryst;
Or in the lonely forest, Sita's eyes
Brimming over with tears like lakes.

She has a mole
Above her artery
Pulsating love,
As if a mother
Nursed in her heart
The jewel of her eyes,
Whom she rears with love alone;
Joy of the poor woman who has gleaned from husk
Grain by grain, a handful of rice.

the gleaming jewel Naagyraay left — It is believed that all kings
of the Nagas (cobras) had a gleaming jewel in their heads.
Naagyraay would leave his jewel under a pine before assuming
human form to meet his beloved, Heemaal.
Najd — the desert in which the lover Majnu roamed as a mad man.
Harmukh Glacier — in Kashmir,

AADANUK POSH

Vaari vuchhum kun poshaa phölmüt shokh gulaalaa paaraa
hyoo

Dilasüy zan vushaneraa phyoorum chëshman pyom
shêhjaaraa hyoo

Möt yaavun zan pôt aam pheerith haavasanüy zan
shaahphyur gom

Dwosi pyaṭh vësi suüty tshyaph dith aamut katha
karane lwokachaaraa hyoo

Hôchhmütsi kaanüji lari phyur zan dyut dramanan kôr
béyi zuvanuk sanz

Zan draav buji Kujidèdi kun zenànyi göbraa tankhaadaraa
hyoo

Samayüchi hwonji zan lakhchun prazalyav chamanan
zan ràṭ sontas say

Chilay kalaanuk taapa dòhaa akh maagas baasyom
haaraa hyoo

Havahas zan lájy maánzaa paadan tshaṭi trov lôt
maaharènyi raftaar

Hardazadas gulzaaras zan gòṇḍ pyëtran ranga dastaaraa
hyoo

Muday gāṇḍith mè thali thali vuchhmas dōpmas nāvinay
kunisüy baag

Daagaah hyath büti zindagee sulavaan tsëti daadyuk
izhaaraa hyoo

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THE FIRST FLOWER

I saw a bright red tulip flower,
The only one in bloom.
It gave my heart a warmth, while cool
Sensations laved my eyes.

Drunken youth came back to me,
Reviving desires forgotten;
Childhood stole to the garden wall
To whisper to her friend.

The withered grass too stirred with life,
The lawn planned life again
Like a poor old mother who proudly sees
Her son start earning a living.

The beauty spot on Time's face glowed
With this earnest of the spring;
A sunny day in dreary midwinter
Turned December into June.

The air put henna on her feet,
The wind paced softly like a bride;
The autumn-blighted rose garden appeared
Like a bridegroom with a turban his uncle has tied.

I gazed and said, 'O solitary flower,
May your garden bloom!
I pass my days nursing a pain,
And you too embody a pain.'

turban — among Kashmiri Pandits, the bridegroom's turban is
always tied by his uncle.

NAABAD TA TYATHAVYAN

Bijlee bati ándy ándy máhy joraa
 Veegis pyaṭh maharény maharaaza
 Huth kuly shihilis tal Tekabaṭany
 Vuny draamúts vóby kiny choka livith
 Kastaany saály vudini ándúry guma ḍály
 Sumbal mushkan dárichas daka dyut
 Manzgaami chhu phólmút tsandan kul
 Neelis pardas vátsh thatharaayaa
 Kalpataraa maa shraanas draamúts
 Guldaanas manz dwon ṭooryan pyaṭh
 Dwon sarphan hōnd aakaaraa hyoo
 Ándy pákhy sódaraa Sheeshenaagas
 Pamphoshas thana pyomut Bramaa
 Būngúryan gav chhwony chhwony aána ándúry
 Mē chhu baasaan raáts hánza baah aasan
 Huth parḍas pāty kiny katha kath hish
 Dwoshavúy daaryav kiny áchh joraah
 Kaátsaah baji kaátsaah maayi bárith
 Mudayaah vuṭha kumajaaraah gilanaah
 Reeshūm reeshūm narmee narmee
 Khūra patji chhi vátshmúts sheena maányaa
 Boonyaa bajaraa bëyi shéhajaraa
 Sarvaa syazaraa bëyi vwonatsaaraa
 Swonachicharan vuph tuju arshas khót
 Dyava minyimari vwoṭh laáy hūka naaras
 Kuntē maa Karanan aalav dyut
 Nigiye manz shaayad shur thana pyav
 Áchh tovrur labi pyaṭh tasveeran
 Mózryēni kār dahi dóhy ruúnyis kath
 Tsandaram loosith nēhagaṭi andar
 Chhót rakh laágith Mariyam lōt lōt
 Humi kōha daamūny gāyi tshyaph dith kōt

THE BITTER AND THE SWEET

Two moths gyrating round a lamp.
Bride and bridegroom on the *vyoog*.
What compulsion brought her to that tree's shade?
Having swabbed the kitchen, Teka Baṭany
Has just appeared at the ventilator.
Some belle, perspiring under her shawl,
Fear and fire consuming her,
As hyacinth fragrance pushes the window.
In Manzgam the sandal tree has blossomed.
The blue curtain is all a-flutter —
Perhaps Cleopatra's moving towards her bath.
Twin buds in a flower vase
Poised to strike like hooded snakes.
Sheshanag in his ocean home.
Brahma born of a lotus flower.
Sound of bangles and whispered speech
Behind that curtain in that room.
I think it's now the middle of the night.
A pair of eyes behind the window panes —
O how big and how passionate!
Devouring gaze, hungry lips, toss of the head!
Smooth silk with softness irresistible —
An avalanche is sliding down that slope!
How big and cool the bulging chenar
And how straight and lofty the cypress!
The monal shot upwards with wingèd speed
And, like a fawn, leapt into the glen.
Convulsed with rage, Karana shouting at Kunti!
In that manger, a child is born!
Frowning look in the pictures on the wall!
The worker's wife talks to her husband
Breaking ten days' ice.
After the setting of the moon, in pitch dark,
Where has Mary, draped in white, with soft
And furtive gait, gone round that hill?

Sahras buthisüy vwoshalüny khaaraa
 Kana tëhji chhi vwozlemütsa öbras
 Chhala chaangür gäyi vaavas zulfan
 Kachh sorüy gav guma säry baagas
 Hëri bwona aävij zaävij hee thär
 Manzbaagan thazaraa vwozajaaraa
 Naabad tyathavyan tyathavyan naabad
 Pächy Shikuntalaa bëyi maalyun kun

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The face of the dawn is hectic red,
The clouds blushing to the lobes of the ears,
The winds with dishevelled hair
And all grass in the garden soaked with sweat.
The tender, graceful jessamine plant
Is slightly bulging in the middle.
The bitter and the sweet are woven fine.
Shakuntala moves again to her father's home.

moths — This image does not suggest sacrifice but sexual urge.
vyoog — a circle, gaily decorated with pastel and mud colours on
which the bride joins the bridegroom at a Kashmiri Pandit
wedding.

Ṭeka Baṭany — name of a Kashmiri Pandit girl. It may not refer
to any specific person.

Karana shouting at Kunti — the rage of Karana at the revelation
of the truth about his birth by his mother who had abandoned
him when he was born before her marriage. She now wanted
him to desert the Kauravas and fight against them.

Shakuntala — who was jilted by her lover, King Dushyanta, when
she was already with child by him.



NOOR MOHAMMAD ROSHAN

b. 1919

Born at Khanayar, Srinagar. Surname originally Kaul. Came under the influence of the progressive writers even before he passed the B A examination. Was one of the first to join the Cultural Congress. Translated Munshi Prem Chand's *Godaan* into Kashmiri. Stopped writing poetry altogether in 1960. Has now set up a silk factory in Srinagar.

SHAHEED SŪNZ MAĀJ

Magar chham khabar gēny ḡyakas kyaazi khaārūth
 Buman chaar dith zan kamaan kyaazi chaārūth
 Vūchhith haal myonuy dōgūny kaār maārūth
 Mē kath chham amich graav yi van baagvaanan
 Timan yim na vaadas vwofaa poor zaanan
 Tsyatas paāvy paāvy yim na zaañh myon maanan
 Yōhōy daag laalas chhu naa laala myaane
 Jigar paara myaane ta āchh gaash myaane
 Chhasay maāj aamūts shaheedo salaame

Vanay kyaah vatan aḡvātis vaatanaāvith
 Vatan pyaṭh shaheedan hōnduy khoon traāvith
 Bihith praāny konoon roody shaana thaāvith
 Na zonukh manzil maa chhu dooris mukaamas
 Na zonukh vatan maa chhu manz girdiaabas
 Phirūkh thar ta roody dola zan kaaravaanas
 Rōngukh buth ta az aay thazar haavane
 Bajar haāvy haāvy posh chhākaraavane

ā : pertain	āā : bird	e : male	ē : met
o : go	ō : oasis	ū : script	uū : long ū
wo : got	ṭ : till	ḡ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

THE MARTYR'S MOTHER

(at his grave)

I know why you have raised your brows,
Arching them like a bow drawn tight.
On seeing my plight, you've bent your head.
But ask your friends to explain — not me!
They are lavish with promises that have never been kept.
I've reminded them often, but they never listened to me.
That's my grief, my son, the light of my eyes!
O martyr! your mother has come to salute you!

While there was many a mile to go
And the road still wet with the martyrs' blood,
They rested, using old laws as pillows.
They forgot the distant goal,
The motherland caught in the whirlpool,
And turned their back on the caravan.
With painted grief they've come today,
Offering flowers — not to salute you, my son,
But to show how great they are!

martyr — one of those killed in the first uprising on 13 July, 1931.

BAHAAR

Yuthuy baala pèthy sonta vaavan tarun hyòt
Vàith òbranüy ðupñanüy taah karun hyòt
Naban neejaraah neela krenkuk harun hyòt
Siree asani lòg doori tentaali pàty kiny
Sangarmaali zan hoori ààrak hêtin yiny
Hyàtsun daamanas tal vuzüny joyinüy diny
Yi vuchh aaraavüy draay thapi thaari laaraan
Palav pèthy dwodas zan ti chhwokh ààsy khaaraan
Dyakas meethy dee dee vanan aabshaaran
Panun maäry mòt az bahaaraah chhu aamut

Yi boozith chhamban chharinüy drüh dyakas tsäjy
Vanan vaarinüy zan ti sùsaraay hish lājy
Yambürzal ta màts masvalaah baagasüy phøjy
Yi zan maärymànz vaäryvüy haar aamüts
Hayaah vyàts thàvith bwon kunuy kaär aamüts
Bàrith sworma țaaryan chhi achhidaär aamüts
Yuthuy chashma mutsryan vuchhun laala aamut
Su mastaana sumbal chhu kami haala aamut
Madanvaar hyoo zan ta phirasaala aamut
Vanaan maayi myaane bahaaraah chhu aamut

Phwolaan asavüne chaanți baaman yivaan gày
Yimay dwodahyaðar hee thana zan pyavaan gày
Ta shòd sheer zan dwodji praatsav chavaan gày
Su sabzaar baagas andar os zaamut
Sabaz pomburaah hish vâlith os aamut
Phulay chhaavane zan khwojaah os draamut
Ràith naala vaavas gindaan zan ishaaran
Dūnan poshi kulinüy divaan os dyaaran
Chavaan shabnamuk mas vanaan os yaaran
Su durdaana dilbar bahaarah chhu aamut

Vuchhum baagasüy az nõvuy rosh hyoo os
Thari pyath yi zan phwolavunuy posh hyoo os
Yi zan maaji kwochhi manz jigar gosh hyoo os

SPRING

When the spring breeze crossed over the mountain,
The clouds packed up their dull grey shawls;
The sky turned blue as a sapphire;
The sun laughed from behind the distant peaks;
The mountain snow perspired like a bashful nymph in
confusion,

Giving birth under her mantle to infant rills.
Beholding this, streams leapt wildly forth,
Bounding over rocks like churned, foaming milk,
And kissing on the forehead the waterfalls,
They cried, 'Our darling spring has come!'

The wrinkled brow of the earth got smoothened
And a wild thrill ran through woods and farms;
The narcissus and the iris blossomed;
The mynah, with her neck arched coyly —
Like one returning from an urgent love tryst —
Opened her collyrium-sparkling eyes.
She saw the tulip already arrived,
And the youthful hyacinth, beautiful as a bridegroom,
Who said, 'My darling spring has come!'

Then blossoming buds arrived in flocks
With smiling mouths like tender, nascent mushrooms,
Or tiny babes replete at mothers' breasts;
Young blades of grass shot forth, and the earth,
Like a *khwaja* in a light green shawl
With his eyes laved with Nature's living hues,
Held the breeze in a tight embrace,
And drunk with the dew and the blossoming boughs
'Behold!' she said, 'My darling spring!'

Nature is not the same today.
The single, new-born flower on the bough
Is like a precious infant in its mother's arms;

Chhu yàtskaäl̥y az bonyi sabzaar aamut
Buḍith naanyi zan bëyi su lwokachaar aamut
Yi zan saayi sarakuy ta shëhajaar aamut
Rangith jaama vwozalee chhu gulilaala toshan
Baraan navjavaanee hönduy josh poshan
Vuchhith bulbulaah zan gyavaan os Roshan
Më az lola vatnas bahaaraah chhu aamut

ä : pertain	ää : bird	e : male	ë : met
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Like youth revisiting an old grandmother
Is the ancient chenar's pubescent green —
O what green shield and what green shade!
The tulip, frolicking in a bright red dress,
Infects the flowers with the joy of life.
And Roshan like a bulbul sings in ecstasy,
'I've found a blazing bright fire today,
For spring has returned to my world of love.'

TUKH

Vuchhum pamposhisüy aàs paatikee paaṭhy valna
aamüts hil
Yi zan aàs baala paanay haala kamitaany zaala lājymüts
gil
Mè zon zaahir khabar kamy zaaliman zolaana karymüty
chhis
Pato dyoothum gömut os zulfanüy mänz band yi myonuy
dil

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Raboodaah hyoo gömut Iblees pheraan os aasmaanas
Zameen traavith khötukh kava yor pruthshus yeli zaati
Rahmaan
Araz kornas Ilaahi chhapnyi aas yot kaanpanyomut chhus
Mè soruy kaari shetaani muhit nyoomut chhu insaan

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QUATRAINS

I saw a lovely lotus flower, with silken weeds round
it coiled,
Like a girl in youthful bloom caught in a web of
circumstance.
I thought perhaps some tyrant had caught it in its snare —
But I found it was my own heart enmeshed in lovely tresses.

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Seeing Satan roaming in the heavens, breathless and
aghast,
God said, 'Why come up here, when your work is down
below?'
He pleaded, 'God, I've come to hide! I'm stunned by
what I see,
For man has mastered all my art — there's nothing left
for me.'



GHULAM NABI FIRAQ

b. 1922

Born at Srinagar. Orphaned at an early age. Passed the B A examination in 1947. Worked first as a school teacher and later as librarian in S P College, Srinagar. Passed the M A examination in English and appointed lecturer in the same college in 1949. Started writing in Urdu in 1947. His first Kashmiri poem, *Kāsheer*, appeared in *Kwong Posh*. Became an intimate friend of Abdul Rahman Rahi and both published their poems together under the title *Yim saāny aalav*. In his first phase, strongly influenced by socialism. Joined the Communist Party in 1953. Worked enthusiastically to popularise Kashmiri as the cultural medium. Organized with Rahi, Kamil and Pran Kishore the Kashmir Cultural Centre. Translated numerous English and Persian poems into Kashmiri. Attempted unrhymed and free verse. Has also written critical essays. Literary influences: Firaq Gorakhpuri and the English Romantic poets.

SUBAAH

Taarakan shak gav chhu kastaam aav aav tim tsoori roody
 Aasmaanan log zaavyul reeshmee shafkuk libaas
 Raàts lòtsaraavy jaanavaaran òaary gay bedaar tim
 Shraan karne ðal dahis kun aav laaraan aabshaar
 Bulbulav hyety zeero bam chaarith gyavuny navy navy
gazal
 Nyëndri vòthithüy laagy sangarmaali zarbaafuky palav
 Shabnamaah lòg mwokhtaphoty baagas andar
chhákraavane
 Poshi tooryav hyòt barun bevaayi suy halman tswopaary
 Khwosh havaavan naafa mòl badanas ta mushkuny daar
våtsh
 Aaftaabas sòdra khwonyi manz aana vuchhanuk shok gav
 Paan paàraavith tavay khòt baala daamuny shoka saan

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MORNING

The stars hid themselves, feeling some one was soon
arriving,
But the sky draped itself in fine robes of silken dawn;
The birds woke up, for the night had gently
rubbed their heavy eyes;
Tumbling in haste, the waterfall rushed to bathe in
the lake;
Tuning their lyres, the bulbuls began to sing new songs;
The eastern peaks on waking up dressed themselves in
brocade;
The dew started scattering basketfuls of pearls
Which flower buds everywhere gathered in their robes;
Musk-anointed soft breeze filled the air with fragrance;
And eager to see his face reflected in the mirror of the
mountain lake,
The sun in all his splendour climbed the hill with joy.

BULBULAS KUN

Ajeebüy tsü chhukh bulbulo jaanavaaraah
Bèkhabree andar aalavaah shokh loyuth
Yi dil saada dil myon phalavaây kòrthan
Tsihis manz tsè badlovthan myon duniyaah
Gulav bulbulav sonta sabzaara bòrthan
Bü osus phiraan pron yoonaâny draamaa
Panun paan mâshrith panun shok chaavaan
Paraan zindagee hânz môdür badshaah kath
Kithâny nyaay nâvy nâvy vwothaan nyaay saavaan
Kulis tal rwophüy rwoph chhu yus hêri tay bwon
Tsè mizraab loyuth phulay hyâts mè chhaavüny
Dilan đora dyut shokachyan gaânța beran
Baahaaras chhu aazat nazar raavaraavüny
Vuchhum siriyi prazlaan neelis nabas pyaṭh
Hanaa door prôn sheen hyoo ôbra langaah
Bü zan tsaas mahboob hyath vâshy akis manz
Khôtus laânki pyaṭh dwon đalan tulni mojaah
Achaanak kuṭhis bar mutsur myaâny yaaran
Mè khaabüy vuḍith gav bü bedaar sapdus
Turüny sheena tshaṭh tsaayi zan hamla aavar
Lobum paan tátithüy yâtyath vuny bü osus
Kuṭhis manz bü chhus daari darvaaza trôparith
Shishar gaânța prath tarpha zan sheesha prazlaan
Nabas az ti tsaadar vâlith kaala ôbrûch
Turun vaav dwodamaaji hònd yaad paavaan
Kunuy bonyi vâthraa chhu yath bonyi shaakhas
Bèhyas laash zan phaañsi kooṭis avezaan
Panun mad panun dòh panun shaan maagas
Bèbis manz bârith naara kaangûr chhi haanaan
Ajeebüy tsü chhukh bulbulo jaanavaaraah
Karaamat karaan chaâny madumaâty aalav
Hamaakat magar chon êhsaan mâshrun
Vandas manz bü phiranovthas poshi margav.

TO THE BULBUL

O bulbul, strange bird!
Your loud call was so very sudden
That my sad heart gave one wild leap,
For in a flash my world was quite transformed —
Full of roses, bulbuls and spring verdure.

I had been reading a Greek play,
My mind absorbed, my fancy feeding
On a king's story, so true to life,
Where new strife treads on the heels of the old.

Though silver lay on the tree and around,
When you struck your harp, blossoms came
And my wingèd fancy soared to heaven —
Spring often does bewitch one's eyes.

The sun shone bright in an azure sky;
A snow-white cloud sailed, not very far.
We stood, enraptured, gazing at the lake,
My love and I, in an island bower.

Suddenly some one knocked at the door.
Fled was the dream and I was awake.
A cold gust rushed in like a raider,
And back I was where I had been.

I have fastened doors and windows;
Icicles on all sides sparkle like glass;
A black cloud blanket wraps up the sky;
A chill wind pierces the marrow of my bones.

The last chenar leaf on the branch
Hangs withered and lifeless like a corpse.
Drunk with power, Midwinter has his day.
Even the fire pot we cling to is cold.

You are a strange bird, O bulbul!
How can I forget that in dreary midwinter
You made me roam in flowering meadows?



MOHAMMAD AMIN KAMIL

b. 1924

Born at Srinagar. Passed the B.A. examination from S P College, Srinagar. Obtained the degree in law from the Aligarh University. Worked for some time as lecturer in Urdu in S P College, Srinagar. Later, practised as a lawyer in Srinagar. Now, editor, Urdu-Kashmiri section in the Cultural Academy, and also on the editorial board of the Kashmiri Dictionary, which is under preparation. Has published *Mas Malûr*, *Lava ta Prava*, *Bèyi Suy Paan*, *Gaṭi Manz Gaash* (a novel), *Kathi Manza Kath* (short stories), *Soofee Shaâyir* (a collection of Kashmiri mystical verse in 3 vols) and *Noor Naama* (the poems of Nundaryôsh). Was given the Sahitya Akademi Award for Kashmiri poetry for his *Lava ta Prava*.

GUL-I-LAALA

Guli laala phólith aay vanan manz ta đalan manz
 Pyav shöhra tswovaapaary yi baagan ta khalan manz
 Kumiran ta jalan manz

Kör zool yi zan maaga bächith soñta bahaaran
 Dyut aashkav rang yaavanuk zan lola amaaran
 Betaab ishaaran

Guli laala zan mas pyaala bärith thovmut kalavaaly
 Yaa greesy kátaah lochh vwozul naar tshñnith naaly
 Ya sholavũny mashaaly

Zan đooly aamüts kori maalis kaharanũy hãndy dasy
 Ya ɽopi han vati pyaɽh vwozũjy pemüts chhi shuris vasy
 Vaatũny yi gätsh bëyi tasy

Chyath jaami shahaadat chhu zan Sharwaany su valaveer
 Hénzyaani vuchhith ánzini hòtaa zan chhu Rasul Meer
 Pur josh duaageer

Zan maahrènya vwoshalemütsũy đeeshith panun khaavand
 Ya baazygaran naara reh karmüts chhi nazarband
 Ya laali Samarkand

Zan kaartikchi zooni buthis pyaɽh chhu siyaah khaal

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TULIPS IN BLOOM

Tulips are in bloom in meadows and on river banks:
Is spring going gay
At deliverance from winter's icy clutches?
Or have lovers dyed in the bright hues of youth
Their passionate sighs and longings?

The tulip is like a cup brimful with wine,
A peasant lass in a bright red gown,
A flaming torch,
A golden palanquin brought by bearers for one's daughter,
A red cap left on the road by a child
(O forgetful child, now sobbing wild!)
Sherwani, brave martyr, dyed in crimson,
A Rasul Meer, aflame with passion and prayer
On seeing the swan's grace of a Hindu maiden,
A bride blushing on seeing her lord,
A flame charmed by a wizard,
The Kartik moon with a lovely mole,
The ruby of Samarkand.

Sherwani — Mohammad Maqbool Sherwani, who died bravely, trying to stop the Pakistani raiders at Baramulla in 1947.

ZINDAGEE TA MOT

Akh baala kwolaah tshaala nivaan aas mè vönmas
Prütshühay bû kathaa boztam aasee tsè khabar dyav
Motuk ta hayaatuk tsè maa az taam löbuth pay
Vätsh aaba lähraa akh zi dariyaavüch bû chhasay zyav
Rukanüch mè mahal chhay na safar zyooth
karun chhum

Daamaana rôṭum soṇtakis betaab havaavas
Jaanaana lagay paāry kadam thaav kathaā boz
Khabraah mē vanakhnaa tsū kaanh margūch ta hayaatūch
Drasa dith su vōthum lonchi ma lam door ukun roz
Vakh chhuy na mē butaraāts halam poshi
barun chhum

Kami aashi vònum pomparas devaana katha boz
Naavas bù lagay karta tsaàngis kam tsù aküy gath
Motüch ta hayaatüch mè kaañh dita taaza bashaarat
Tshaṭ dith ta zaalith paan kārūn ora yitsüy kath
Naaras andar thêha paan laâyith yaar
sarun chhum

Akh taarukhaa meenzaana nish ðòl yaam mè vónmas
Haa rikyni gindan vaali rumaah paan tsù thàhraav
Motuk ta hayaatuk tsè maa az taam sòruth raaz
Traavith vwoshaa loyun sadaa vwony myaàny kathaa traav
Motùch mè chhay tsala laar vanay kyaa mè
marun chhum

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LIFE AND DEATH

I said to the leaping mountain stream,
'I'd like to ask — perhaps you know —
Have you found the truth of life and death?'
A rising wave said, 'I'm the river's voice;
But I can't stay — I've a long way to go.'

I caught the robe of the impetuous spring breeze.
'Stay a moment, sweet one, listen to me!
Tell me something about life and death.'
'Hold off! Don't pull at my robe', he said,
'I've got to fill earth's lap with flowers.'

With hope I said to the moth, 'Mad lover,
Pause only once in your grim career,
And throw fresh light on life and death.'
Gyrating in, he burnt himself up, saying only this,
'I've barely time to plunge into the beloved flame.'

Finding a star thrown out of orbit, I said,
'Stop a moment, O skier on heaven's floor!
Have you pondered the mystery of life and death?'
He sighed and shouted, 'I'm doomed and best forgotten;
Death is pursuing me — that's all that I know.'

NAGMA KARAAN AAF TAAB

Doori bihith daari pyaṭh chhus bū tamaashaa vuchhaan

Gardishas andar zāmeen
Be makaan aāsith mākeen
Gata rēnyaa akh naazneen
Maārymānz ta mahjabeen

Khwosh nazar dil shaadmaan chhus bū tamaashaa vuchhaan

Myāts havaa ta naar aab
Kith sanaa kāny hamrikaab
Vuchh na mē yuth inkalaab
Sōr na mē yuth kaañh hisaab

Maājazaa akh be bayaan chhus bū tamaashaa vuchhaan

Shoka bārith dōh ta raat
Chhu lādith insaanzaat
Mota nish tshaaraan najaat
Lola hāty gaaraan hayaat

Mānzilan doraan davaan chhus bū tamaashaa vuchhaan

Husan thavaan tsoori raaz
Ashak karaan saaz baaz
Lol chhū bōḍ kaar saaz
Jasta nazar kad daraaz

Zoona ḍaban vāny divaan chhus bū tamaashaa vuchhaan

Gul chhi vuchhaan ṭaari tāly
Pāshy chhi pakaan tshaayi hāly
Jal chhi tulaan shor vāly
Yuth na chhākiv nyaayi phāly

Asi chhu kunuy zuv ta jaan chhus bū tamaashaa vuchhaan

Dil grazaan valaveernūy
Sōthy tshyanaan takdeernūy
Bas gatshaan zanjeernūy
Zyav yivaan tasveernūy

Draatinūy kismat huraan chhus bū tamaashaa vuchhaan

THE SONG OF THE SUN

Sitting at my window, I behold far away
The earth on her diurnal rounds,
Houseless, though not unconfined,
Her movements a dancer's dream,
Moon-faced and beautiful,
With sparkling eyes and happy heart.

Earth, air, fire and water
In one happy comradeship!
I've never yet seen anything
So unaccountable, so passing strange,
A wonder so indescribable.

I see man run from goal to goal,
I see him crowding day and night
With intense desires uncountable —
Above all he wants to conquer death
And live in love's eternity.

Beauty guards her secret close,
But love plans his stratagem —
Love, most adroit of all,
Quick-eyed and tall,
Peers into moon-shaped balconies.

Flowers look with bashful eyes,
Birds are singing loud and clear,
Beasts move with infinite grace,
'O do not scatter grains of strife,
For we are one, heart and soul.'

There's thunder in the hearts of the brave!
The evil bonds of fate get breached.
Shackles shiver with fright and fall.
I see dumb pictures finding speech
And sickles blest with plenty.

Zindageeye hõnd avaam
Haz chhu tulaan shahro gaam
Baazygar motuky tamaam
Taari gâtshith subashaam
Thela panuny hyath tsalaan chhus bü tamaashaa vuchhaan

Maksaduk dooryar chhu pòh
Raath kudûr sheena kòh
Aashako vwoth maar tshòh
Chhuy ganeemat tapaa dòh
Shaáyiraa dyoothum gyavaan chhus bü tamaashaa
vuchhaan

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I see joy in town and village
In widest commonalty spread,
And merchants of death everywhere,
Bewildered night and day,
Run away with their evil bags.

I also hear a poet sing,
'Losing sight of your aim brings
Tedious winter nights and mounds of snow.
True lover, drink delight from life
For lovely is a summer's day.'

GAAMA MASVAL

Fitratüch shaahkaar soorat, azla abdüch sworga hoor
Zindagee händi shaalamaarüch poshi thâr zan mas maloor
Maärymânz butaraäts hânz kanavaäj aävij häty hânzoor
Gaama masval greesy koor

Vaakh Lali hânz sholavüny sanavüny Rasulmeerüny gazal
Yaavanas manz naara vuzamal loocharas manz möhrachhal
Bulhavas vyasaraan vuchhith yas kun gatshaan motas vadäl
Väsy pyavaan prath jädy tshal

Nalavaṭan dwod hyöt baban yëmi shora patharyan
khaäry posh
Aalatshyaras vol yëmi mad mëhnatas yëmi khor bosh
Yas na zaañh toophaan säry säry rov dil vyasarey hosh
Lola naaruk soor josh

Zindagee hönd raaz löb yëmi rooz yas thâz änzini kaär
Kaami vizi toophaan ta vuzamal lola vizi boonyaah ta yaär
Toṭh yas zee kul panun syöd saada khwoparaa gaan vaär
Ywosa na dyaaran rooz laär

Kaätyahan takdeeranüy roozith chhi gaämüty döh ta raat
Mähala khaanan manz nakaaban tal sworümy gaämüts
hayaat
Saavinyan lëdremütsan zoonan chhu yaavun haärisaat
Mot hyath öbrüch baraat

Zindagee khab dith vazaa daäree ta pardan thaävmüts
Asmatüchi kam kam aliph laälaayi vány vány saävmüts
Haayinemüts zan bahee khaataah kathaa mansaävmüts
Vuzamalaah tshëvaraävmüts

THE VILLAGE IRIS

Nature's masterpiece! Eternal houri of Paradise!
Flower bush in life's pleasure garden! Urn full of wine!
Earth's necklace and graceful jewel in her ear!
O village iris! O peasant girl!

Lalla's lofty *vaakh*, poignant gazal of Rasul Meer!
In youth both gold and flash of lightning,—
She who leaves the sensual trembling and death
confounded,
On whom no charms can work!

She milks the breasts of stones, grows flowers on
stubborn soil,
Humbles the pride of sloth and shows the dignity of toil.
Storms cannot make her quail. Seeing her, love grows pale,
Ashamed of his puny flame.

She knows life's mystery, her swan's neck always high.
In work, she's storm and lightning; in love chenar and
pine.
She loves her son, a simple hut, a garden, a shelter for
cows;
She is not a slave of silver.

Others there are whose life's current stopped flowing
long ago —
Languishing veiled in mansions, with life anaesthetised;
For these poor pallid moons, youth comes as a misfortune,
A cloud that brings death.

They have ever lived gagged by conventional demureness,
Lulled nightly to slumber by fairy tales of chastity, —
Moth-eaten, mildewed, like an old account book,
Like a story long forgotten, like spent lightning.

Roba khaanan manz ändüry anyigòṭ nyëbüry zooluk jalaav
 Kuümathaah lädran swonas vaaraah magar lolas na baav
 Saaz neran parda tsäṭy tsäṭy trovmut vakhtan chhu daav
 Zindagee chhana band talaav

ä : pertain	aa : bird	e : male	é : met
o : go	ö : oasis	ü : script	uü : long ü
wo : got	ṭ : till	ḍ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

Darkness in their parlours, illumination without;
Valued not for love, but trappings and trinkets!
But changed time will tear the veil and new songs will
be heard,
For life is not a stagnant pond.

NYATHA NĀNY MAANE

Zulfan chaanyan hōnd gōn saayi
 Yath sāhraavas myaanyee maayi
 Pāchh yaa rēty chham chaānyee yaad
 Dilakis darvaazas dubaraayi
 Vaānsan pyaṭh kāmy dooryar yōtsh
 Tami putsī maa samsaaras zaayi

Vaavan kōr shamahas bāly gyund
 Naba kyan tsangyan vātsh thatharaayi
 Jigaran thaavyov daadyan ṭhaan
 Kari kyaah dil chhus bar hamsaayi
 Naphrāts hāsrat vuṭha kumajaar
 Lolas nyaamat āsh dadaraayi

Sonchūky paymaanay gāy tang
 Bēyi maa sana kēnh kaālib draayi
 Hata saā bū ti kūna loluk srēh
 Hata saā bū ti chhus tuhūnzi traayi
 Kāmy dōp yēti chhana aadam bōy
 Yim kyaah ada chhaa saāree tshaayi
 Achharan hōnd zarbaph naayaab
 Nyatha nāny maane gaāmūty zaayi

Hoonis gardani swona sund kōr
 Rata chhēbi lagayo ath vwopharaayi

Yath hāndūris shaharas manz myon
 Baḍakyal dil ti chhu bōḍ sarmaayi

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NAKED THOUGHTS

My love provides this desert with
Your lovely hair's luxuriant shade.
Time and again your memory
Knocks wildly at the door of my heart.
Who would for ages live alone? —
It's not with that wish we were born.

When the wind had idle sport with the lamp,
Trembling seized the lights of heaven.
Being helpless, for the mind lives close,
The heart put a lid on its agony.
Hate never will know softened lips;
Love is blest with streams of tears.

Old goblets are now too small for thought —
I wish some better forms were found,
Else I might sell, not sing love's yearnings,
And follow only in others' wake.
Who says man can't be found here now?
Then what are these? Only ghosts?
The brocade of words is not to be had,
And naked thoughts just waste away.

The dog wears a collar of gold —
O how your barking thrills my heart!

In this city of sad decay
Even a fluttering heart is a treasure.

old goblets — poetic diction and forms.



ABDUL RAHMAN RAHI

b. 1925

Born at Waza Pora, Srinagar. Orphaned very early in life. Passed the Matriculation examination as a private candidate. Later he passed Adib Alim, Adib Fazil, Munshi Fazil and M A examinations as a private candidate. Influenced by the progressives and joined the Communist Party. Started life as a clerk in the P W D. Later, was appointed lecturer in S P College, Srinagar. Founded, along with Firaq, Kamil and Akhtar Mohiuddin, the Muslim Communist Party. Joint Secretary, Progressive Writers' Association, Srinagar. Published *Subahuk Sodaa*, *Yim Saany Aalav*, *Loluk Partav*, *Sanaviny Saaz* and *Novroz Sabaa*. Won the Sahitya Akademi Award in 1969. Is now working as a Lecturer in Persian, University of Kashmir.

TASVEERÜKY ZÜ RWOKH

Nabas pyaṭh taarakav kari maala mwokhtas
Mê bassyav zan tsü chhakh pananyan amaaan saam
hyëni draamüts

Kôhav pätý zooni kôr tshal kaala ôbras
Mê dôp zaâhir chhi chaanee praány kaañh vyas son kun
aamüts

Subah phöl bulbulav kôr bol boshaa
Mê baasyav zan ti tsüy chhakh meethy aalav dith mê
vuzanaavaan

Havaa döl lanji phöl akh daän poshaa
Gumaan sapdum chhë chaanee lola mankal naar
chhakraavaan

Dalas väthy moj lájy thatharaay aabas
Khabar chham aadanuk kaañh haavasaa aasee tsë
tambalyomut

Bwoṭhyan pyaṭh lukh chhi praaraan naava taaras
Mê baasaan door gaaman saäl karanuk zwon tsë chhuy
pyomut

Khalan pyaṭh byaäly hëy hëy haäly draamüty
Khabar tsëy maa hyatsüth kwochhi kwochhi karüny tas
manzlikis laalas

Chhi rooziyaanas sámith az tsaath aamüty
Khabar tsëy maa dôputh götsh poṭ chhaavun zaa shuris
naalas

Banjaäryaa hakh divaan draav saanyi bara tälý
Pazee aasee tsë ändy pákhy reeshamüch thatharaay hish
baasaan

Chhipar gänd shury bü anahaa baangi löt mäly
Khabar chham haavasan manz chhay tsë natsanüch traay
hish baasaan

SYMBOLS

Stars in the sky are threading pearls;
Or have you come out threading your longings?

The moon outwitted black clouds over the mountain —
Looks like an old friend of yours is coming to me!

The bulbuls burst into song at dawn,
As if you were singing me a sweet aubade.

The breeze freshened, a pomegranate blossomed on the
bough,
Like your own hearth of love, showering fire.

The lake shivered, the waves grew restless
Like the tumult of old yearnings rising in your heart.

People are waiting on the bank for the ferry,
Like when you hear the wild call of the distant villages.

The peasants are out in the field with seeds —
You are rocking the little bud in your arms.

The hawker shouts his wares, passing my door;
I hear the rustle of your new silk dress.

The child is crying for a spinning top —
Your own ungovernable desire to dance!

Chhivaan aas maharënyaa swormas ta saazas
Më döp zaahir yi chhakh tsüy yaavanüch kaanh shokh
yëny yeraan

Javaanaa akh vuchhum doraan mahaazas
Më baasyav zan tsü pananyis aanganas chhakh praany
dwos sheraan

Chhi kaätyaah zindagee händy rang shoobaan
Chhi kaätsaah dilkashee héchhmüts yimav chaanyav
ishaarav az

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The happy bride's face, lovely with rouge and collyrium
Tells me you're perhaps weaving bright patterns of youth.

When I saw a young man going to fight at the front,
I knew you were repairing your garden wall!

How beautiful are life's variegated colours!
How fascinating the symbols you speak to me in!

PATH AGAR YIYIHE TI MOTAS VAÄRY

Zindagee hândy dôh chhi tshôty duniyaah punyim hònd
zoona gaash
Shabnamûky kênh tsêh, gulaabûky saath kênh
Vath chhi mukarar malguzaarûch, aavarény chhana
kaañsi hargiz tsêth rachhaan
Aadanas yaavun yivaan, yaavun gatshaan, paavaan bujar
Zindagee hândy dôh chhi tshôty, haavas syaṭhaa phursat
kaleel

Au vôn gav ath vakhtakis tshwocharas ti hêyi kaañh
Kaäts hyath kapṭan karûny
Subhakis vaavas sulee thaavan nazar bândee kârith
Shabnamas kaañh diyi na vasanay baag manz
Phwolana bronṭhûy traavi kaañh putsanith gulaab
Daam kênh aasaan chhi ath pyaalas andar
Loodaraah kaañh zulma kiny diyi tath ti kány
Zindagee hònd maachh teli ṭyaṭhavyan banaan
Mot teli baasaan chhu mushkil
Zuv chhu teli lâmy lâmy kaḍaan

Boozymûty chhim vaaryaah afsaana sworgûky baarahaa
Jantachyan yambûrzalan path raävy bômbar beshumaar
Nakad khyaaivith kaätyahav vaanyav vwozum baapaar kôr
Vumbûr vaätsûm bekasee hândy naaratâty lalavaan
Tû moyas kaava pakhi zan sheen pyom
Aaftaabaa os, pâky pâky tsaas mus, losun hyôtun
Uf! yêmis motas chhi handaremûts nazar
Aânth ròs aasaan chhi maagûch sarad raat

Haa dilo! saazandaro! zarbaah dito! vaayun hyato!
Aaftaaban rang ho vaahraävy shafkûky yaam losan gâr
vûchhin

MONOLOGUE OF THE OLD WOMAN

How brief is human life in a world bewitching like the
full moon!

A few moments of the dew,
A few of the rose
Before we take the certain road —
For the grave and the pyre are no one's friends.
Youth follows childhood, then flies and, all too soon,
Crabbèd age arrives!
How brief is our life, but O, how unbounded our desire!

If some with determined shears
Clip further short this tragic brevity,
Shut morning breezes early in a cage,
Prevent the dew from falling,
Despoil the rose before it blooms —
When the cup has barely a few sips to offer,
The stone of greed still shatters it to bits —
The honey of life turns into bitter wormwood,
And death seems hard indeed.

O, I've heard all those oft-repeated tales of paradise!
Many a bee was lost pining for the narcissi of heaven.
Many a merchant gave the cash of here
For the credit of the hereafter.
What's my life? — the frost lies heavy on my wings,
While within I've played lifelong nurse
To poverty's sore burns.
My sun, weary and footsore, is now about to sink.
How cold is death's steady gaze!
How cold and dreary this unending midwinter night!

O musician heart! strike up your instrument!
Knowing his time of setting nigh,
The sun has suffused the western sky.

Haa dilo! naadaañ dilo! be silsilo!
 Dub dubaah karto tsù myaánis aadanas aalav dito
 Vahy ákis saatas agar yath duniyahas pyaṭh aasihe
 myon èkhtiyaar
 Vahy ákis brünzis agar vakhtuk yi duldul myaány
 marzee maanihe
 Aalamas dapunaah kàrith báry báry bú thavahaa maánzi
 ḍuly
 Kaarabaarúky sath samandar traavahaa yakbaar vāthy
 Raáts hònd daamaana rangahaa
 Aaftaabas sozahaa zarbaaph laagun kyut ta haṅgas
 mòhra gònd
 Vaayahaa yàtskaály tumbakhnaär sòdaran manz bihith
 Aaṅanas manz ishka pechaanas sagaah dimahaa gutul
 Path agar yiyihe ti motas vaáry tas kyaah laarihe
 Thaávytan path jantachyan ḍeḍyan kuluph káry káry
 tswopaáry

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No wedding bells for you,
My big gazelle-eyed daughter!
O my poor son, broken by unemployment!
Look at this wall crumbling down with rain
And see this poor cat's strange attachment!

O heart! O foolish heart! Ungovernable!
Knock at the door of my youth! Call him back!
I would wash clean the dark robe of the night,
Send brocade for the sun to wear
And plumes for his head,
Play many a lilting tune while drifting on the lake,
Water the only convolvulus in my yard.

Then if death were to come, he wouldn't gather much —
And I don't care if they close all the gates of paradise!

ZINDAGEE

I

Zindagee baasaan chhi tami vizi gaasha ròs maskaásy buđ
Sahra vaktan sheesha pòt hyoo nab chhu yaamat kaala
öbruk buth vuchhaan
Taarakan hândy tsaängy tshévriith zooni zan nyaŋgalaan
chhu dyav
Baala pàty kiny hooly haaŋgay hish chhi gagaraayan
vwothaan
Vuzamalan hândy jin chhi yaamat naara pâymuty neza
gilanaavûny hyavaan
Doth ðeeshith yaam sanglaatan chhi phâry vôthy vôthy
gatshaan
Aâlynaashuk bay chhu yaamat baagakyan jaanaavaran
motun phiraan
Beema suûtyan yaam pyaaval gaavi hònd tèchihor vòtsh
dam phâty gatshaan
Rooda neelan hònd grazun boozith bèkas pahryan chhi
kân vèsarûny hévaan
Daana kuṭh baasaan chhu áchh phiry phiry vuchhaan
Áthy andar yaamat chhi kaanh pulsûch jamaath rooḍy
phuṭraavaan yivaan
Hathkaryan sapdaan chhu chakchak phāngy chhi
dastaaran vuphaan
Barni taly tráhraan chhu taáris dil ta haānkal lyal karaan
Hukmi haákim gontsha trakaraāvith chhu aāngan
manz atsaan
Prútshna róstuy laam traavan vol mujrim tshaarane
Zan vanas manz kaanh tabardaaraah divaan vāny
raáyilan
Zan shikaáryah kaanh Hókarsar votmut
Bekhabar paáṭhyan chhi kastaan navjavaanas heri pyaṭh
Gaāṇṭ hish vaaraṭ nivaan zan jonṭh dith
Tophanûy hònd grany chhu gagaraayan gatshaan

LIFE

I

Life — a sightless, shaven old hag!

Before dawn, a glass-clear sky sees a black cloud
Putting out the lamps of the stars;
A demon swallows the moon. Behind the hills
Peals of thunder have raised a mad tumult,
And demons of lightning are brandishing their red-hot
spears.

The rocky hills tremble at the approach of the hail.
Birds grow death pale, seeing certain destruction of their
nests.

Fear holds the new-born brindled calf tongue-tied.
The foundations of poor huts totter.
With the roaring torrents of rain.
Granaries gaze, appealing and helpless.

And then a police squad, with flying turban crests,
Comes marching, their tread like hammers breaking
stones.

The clanking of handcuffs rings in the night.
The heart of the latch is a-tremble, the bolt starts wailing.
The relentless summons of law enters the yard
Without ceremony, to look for the fugitive felon.
Like a woodcutter looking for an oak,
Like a hunter on arrival at Hokarsar.
And, like a kite at one fell swoop,
The warrant takes away the youth on the stairs.
The thunder booms like cannon;

Vaav laaraan zan ta khrakh khemüts guryav
Daari bar tarsaan chhi zan ändy päkhy chhi bambaáree
gatshaan

Haali bad deeshith chhi kastaañ maaji zyav taalas lagaan
Haari zan neerith tsalaan dabahor lôt
Bulbulas zan tshog kaañh thaph dith nivaan
Roosy kät zan naagahaani naar hyoo jañgalas vuchhaan
Yaam guly pathkun phirith tas broonþhy kiny neraan
chhu támysund laalaphól
Yaam tas baasaan chhu pananyan haavasan hònd
aavasyomut baam yakdam vasy pyavaan

Zindagee baasaan chhi tami vizi gaasha ròs maskaasy buð

II

Zindagee baasaan chhi tami vizi mas chhivur tay
maäry manz

Tsori baji bronþhuy pahan yéli aaftaabas buth chhu
zan vwoshalun hyavaan

Maärbal kis madrasas manz
Yaam kaañh chapraäsy kash kädý kädý chhu gàr
vaayiny hyavaan

Tsaata kuþhinüy manz chhi sapdaan zindagee kaaðaah
kädith bedaar hish

Zan chhi taapas aamanyemüts poshi thär kaañh öbra
shéhjaaraah vuchhaan

Maashtar neraan chhi subahuk sanz káarith
Tsaatabaajan dwon chhu tay sapdaan bonyan tal gindun

Zan chhé kotar joory kaañh hyör aasmaan khasanüch
drüy hish karaan

Madrasuk aañgun chhu shury khelaah vuchhith
churygyush tulaan

The wind rears like horses scared and shying;
Doors and windows rattle
As if bombs were raining down.

Seeing this disaster strike,
The mother stands stunned, like a mynah
Whose spotted tail has suddenly come off, like a bulbul
Whose plume someone has rudely uprooted, like a gazelle
Seeing her forest burn, when her beloved son,
Hands cuffed behind his back, passes in front of her.
The scarcely erected terrace of her dreams crumbles down!
Life — a sightless, shaven old hag!

II

Life — a lovely woman, heady wine!

Four o'clock. The sun's face is flushed.
In the school at Maârbal the peon,
Swinging his arms lustily, strikes the bell.
Life in the class rooms wakes up with a yawn,
Like a flower shrub shrunk and limp with the sun's heat
Suddenly finding the shade of a cloud.
The teachers give the boys home tasks, and leave.
Two class mates decide to play under the chenars
Like a couple of pigeons resolving to soar in the sky.
The school ground raises a merry din, seeing children
at play

Zan chhi aalik jaanavar vuph hyath vasaan baagas andar
 Zan yivaan kuni laavi lanji yakbaar baaman neery neery
 Āḍy kitaaban gaṇḍ hyavaaṇ, āḍy mashka gilanaavaaṇ
 tsalaan

Āḍy davaan seemaab zan, āḍy harana tshaalan mātý
 gatshaan

Chookydar traavaan chhu nyēbrim ḍeedy vātsh

Baazaruk baazar chhu soruy grakh karaan

Chhola vaālis chhola tshār moklaan chhi brūnzis manz
 ta aālan hakh lagaan

Āthy andar yaamat chhi kaaṇh maājaa bēnyaa

Hora baadaam vaari pyaṭha pbeerith yiman madras

shuryan

Kochav āndury doraan vuchaan

Yaam tas pananis vachhyas tsēh tsēh divaan mosum chhu
 baasaan

Zanta pakanuk sañz karaan

Yaam tas neraan chhi haavas

Shoka hāty pananis gulaalas tsaatāhal kun thaph kārith

Yaam tas baasaan chhu duniyaah soṇta kaluk khaab hyoo

Bekhabar paāṭhyan chhu yaamat

Tas mōdur kaaṇh vanavunaah vwozalyan vuṭhan pyaṭh
 gath karaan

Zindagee baasan chhi tami vizi mas chivur tay maāry manz

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Like birds flying down from their nests into the garden,
Like buds appearing in profusion on a tender bough,
Some running strapping satchels, some swinging slates,
Some like quicksilver, some bounding like the deer.
The peon swings open the outer gate
And the entire market bubbles with life.
The gram vendor's stock is gone in a flash,
The beansman hawks his wares.

At this very moment, a young woman,
Returning from the almond grove
And seeing lithe children running in the lanes,
Dreams of a baby sucking at her breast,
And of a tiny toddler learning to walk.
Then holding her tender tulip by the hand,
She moves towards the school.
The world is a dream of spring time!
Unconsciously, a sweet song dances on her ruby lips.

Life — a lovely woman, heady wine!

Maarbal — the bank of the backwaters of the Dal Lake in Srinagar.

· AZICH KATH

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav
Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

Khaab vùchh vwony vaarayaah myaanyav àchhav
Haavasan hândy tsaàngy tsèti zaálith syathaa
Treshi háty me baana thury paymaana gáry
Intizaarúky saaz tsèti vuzanaàvythak
Subhakis nooras zahooras vata vuchhaan
Raáts hònd gaṭa zòl sòruth, kyaah dil kòruth
Ròph kòrùm yath daamanas raatas dóhas
Aamp roozùm kwom baraan yiýi soñt kaal
Maachh baágùri zindagee, ye boozy boozy
Tyathavyanas pyath vumbri kòr guzraan me
Lol raṭi yèmi lola shahruk intizaam
Áthy zwonas manz naphratuk naaraah sòruth
Vakt tsaṭi paanay gwolaàmee hânz kamand
Yee vanaañ me mãshy shikaaryan hândy sitam
Az pagaah Gañgaayi lagi vath son kun
Áthy khayaalas manz tshwokaan gav aara chon

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav
Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

Zoon khâts aakaash vwozumuy gaash hyath
Dòp bêtaabav khòt dupáharuk aaftaab
Poshi gwondaraah vaáts guldaanas andar
Khaam tamahav zon soruy baag phòl
Yàndra dwosi pyath khaâr vuph jaanaavaran
Tas gumaañ gav támy vuḍav kár aalamas
Kaáñsi yódvay myándy zù myándy haásil sapúdy
Deshivúny dòp kúsmatas bwochhi dod tsòl
Áami pana yèmy naavi hyòt sòdras lamun
Tas dilan káḍ vwoṭh bú votus saáhilas
Vaada yas sòny baavatyan hònd gav kanan
Tas gwodan hânz breeḍy gáyi nahakay mãshith
Shraavanas yas óbra shehajaaraa banyav

LET'S TALK ABOUT TODAY

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

My eyes have woven webs of dreams;
You've lighted the lamps of many desires.
Thirsty, I fashioned cups and measures;
You played tunes on patience' harp.
Waiting for the radiant light of dawn,
Brave friend! you lived through the murky night.
I darned my torn robe night and day,
Hoping that spring would fill it with plenty.
Trusting that one day honey would flow,
I cheerfully lived on the bitter fruit.
You bore the fire of hate in the faith
That love one day would rule this town.
I did not mind the hunter's scourge.
Time will break his darts, I said.
Your little stream kept dancing and gay,
In the hope that the Ganga would come our way.

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

When the moon comes up with borrowed sheen,
The impatient cry: 'It's the midday sun!'
Flowers in a vase delude the fool
To feel that the garden is in bloom.
The fowl flies to perch on the low mud wall,
And thinks he has flown over lands and seas.
Seeing a man with a loaf of bread,
They say the world is rid of hunger.
Towing his boat with unspun yarn,
The fool feels sure he'll cross the lake.
The promise of gold bracelets dulls one's ears
To the clanking of chains in one's own feet.
Finding a summer cloud's luxuriant shade,

Tas mãshith gav maag maa kaḍi sheena tshaṭh
Dunyahuk thòd shaan tshaaraan yus akhaa
Paana sar nòmraavi, tas kus obray
Pagahũkyaan rangeen khayaalan myon zuv
Az magar azykyaan savaalan van javaab

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav
Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

Azychi kwochhi manz prazli pagahuk aaftaab
Azychi berang zindagaani kar hisaab
Az agar buniyaaz kun kaañh srèh gatshee
Zaan pagahũch baḍ amaat sheena maany
Az agar brinzis tshihis dam phat̤y gatshakh
Zaan pagahuk gam chhu behad behisaab
Rang badlee az agar moyas akis
Vakti peeree zaan pagahuk aaftaab
Az agar akh teer neree shahparas
Zaan pagahuk prath vuḍav sakhtũy azaab
Az agar gatshi dil vwodaasee kaaphilas
Pagahũkis manzilas kadam traavun mahaal
Dil panun yòdvay bèpatsh baasee tsè az
Zaan pagahũch, dilbaree be etibaar
Az agar baagas hanaa chhaph kaansi hyets
Zaan pagahuk gulistaan taharaaj gav
Azychi kwochhi manz prazli pagahuk aaftaab
Azychi berang zindagaani kar hisaab

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav
Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

Paara yus chaanyan khayaalan thaavi az
Suy phiraan sosan chhu myaanis yaavanas
Thaak yus sozee tsè dilakyaan valvalan
Suy chhu cheeraan hòṭ mè nozuk haavasan

One forgets the chill winds December'll bring.
What does today's bent head know of honour
To dream of the world draped in honour and glory?
Take my very life for a colourful tomorrow —
But first give an answer for the problems of today.

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

Today is the nurse of tomorrow's sun:
Take stock of your present pallid fate.
Moisture seeping into its foundation today
Makes tomorrow's mansion an avalanche.
If you feel stifled even for a moment now,
Infinite will be tomorrow's suffering.
If a single hair of yours grows grey today,
Crabbèd age will come tomorrow.
If you moult a single feather today,
How hard tomorrow will each flight be.
If the caravan loses heart today,
There'll be no march to the goal tomorrow.
If you can't trust your heart today,
Know tomorrow's dalliance unsure.
The slightest encroachment on your land now
Spells ruin of the garden you've planned.
Today is the nurse of tomorrow's sun:
Take stock of your present pallid fate.

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

One who tramples on your thoughts
Puts a canker in my youth.
Who bans the beating of your heart
Strangles all my tender dreams.

Kaaphilas nish yus mè az byòn chhum kaḍaan
 Suy chhu chaānis mānzilas dooryar divaan
 Aāna haāvith yus tsè bularaavaan chhuy
 Yath ḍyakas myaānis nivaañ thapi noor suy
 Yèmy na myaānis gaāratas kòr èhtiraam
 Suy chhu chaānis azmatas munkir banaan
 Yèmy na chaanyan lola harfan thov kan
 Suy mè āndy āndy nafratuk zaalaan alaav
 Yèmy tsè bobūsy gindana baapat soozynay
 Suy chhu vwony myaanyan machan kāny kāny divaan
 Yus litūr vaayaan chhu myaanyan jaṅgalan
 Suy ògun tshèvraan chhu chaanyan daan gagan
 Yus kathan chaanyan krūhūny maane kaḍaan
 Suy chhu az myaānis fanas kapṭan karaan

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav
 Chaani lasanuk myaani basanuk sanz karav

Zindagee yus tshaal gāṇḍi tas ṭhaak kar
 Yus chaman paamaal kari tas laar kar
 Saz yath dil vaayi suy raazaah vanav
 Yee pagaah asi pèyi karun tee āzy karav
 Āzychi kwochhi manz prazli pagahuk aaftaab
 Āzychi berang zindagaāni kar hisaab

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav
 Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

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consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, सुदय			tsh : aspirate of ts

He who separates me from the caravan
Helps to make your goal more distant.
He who tempts you with fancy mirrors
Snatches the brightness from my brow.
He who doesn't respect my pride
Is the one who denies your greatness.
He who doesn't listen to your loving word
Surrounds me with the fire of hate.
He who sends you toys for play
Is hurling stones at my jars of rice.
He who brings down my forest trees
Snatches the fire from your hearth.
He who reads black meanings in your words
Tears, with his scissors, my art to shreds.

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

Prevent anyone from playing with life;
Chase him who comes to blight the garden;
Speak the word that makes the heart sing;
Let's begin tomorrow's work today.
Today is the nurse of tomorrow's sun;
Take stock of your present pallid fate.

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

SWONA LAÄNKI PYATH

Az hanaa bronthuy pahan akhtaaba loos
Shokh rang shafkuk su kaayiry naar lôt lôt soory gav
Shaama tshaayav akh âkis bangaaly zulfan shaana kôr
Baala pâty lôty poory traavaan zoon khâts
Taarakan mâstee chhi taaryan manz bârith
Khwosh havaavan hûka vûchhith kyaah taam kâny shêchh
vâny ðalas
Hora kani vôth aaba maluraah yora kani pamposh gav
bedaar hyoo
Shaalamaaruk kôh chhu zan khaabaa vûchhaan
Akh damaah yath laänki pyath bêh vuchh tamashaa
myaâny paâthy
Yor vaâtith shor shahruk paâny paanay kôl gatshaan
Boz kami anmaana hêty maânav tswopaase shoka
vaayiny jaltarang
Kyaah môdur sozaah saroodaah phyoor talpaataala pyath
asmaan taam
Telbâly kiny draayi zaâhir byaakh saâlaânee shikaâry
Voonça kâdâlas nish chhu vunyi ðoongas andar prazalaan
gaash
Sonch kam kam shoka hâty aasan Naseemûky bonya
havahan saâvymûty
Sonch tsûy, mê chhu sonch vaâraagûy tulaan!
Sonch tsûy, mê chhu sonch az baasaan ðyakas pyath zan
tuluvy tywoñgal vuhaan
Sonch kam kam shoka hâty aasan ðalûky yêmy maâry
mândy anhaâry phizahan maârymûty
Maârymûty, pharkaâvymûty, mashraâvymûty,
mansaâvymûty
Sonch kuûtsav mahjabeenav aasi yath aabas andar
Tshaayi hól seemab hish tan naâvmûts
Sonch az brônñ kuûty haavasnaak dil
Aasahan yath zoonâ gaashas manz chanuk haavas karaan
Kaâtyahav aashak dilav huth ðal dâhis pyath
Aasi kôrmut baala yaaras intizaar

ON THE GOLDEN ISLE

The sun set early today.
The golden glow died like a dying pinewood fire.
Evening shadows closed in, with their long, loose,
raven hair.

The moon rose, stepping lightly over the mountain,
And the stars appeared with drunken eyes.
The soft breeze, seeing something strange,
Whispered a secret to the lake.
A wave rose there, and here a lotus opened its eyes.
The hill behind Shalamaar is lost in dreams.
Come, rest a moment on this isle and watch with me.
The noises of the city grow mute on reaching here.
Listen! Sweet music fills the air from earth to heaven,
As if ardent souls on every side were playing on *jaltarangs*.
I think another pleasure boat is coming from Telbal.
Lights are still blazing in the boat near Camel Bridge.
How many pleasure seekers in Naseem Bagh
Must have been lulled to sleep by the soft chenar breeze!

Thought maddens me; thought sears my forehead
Like glowing red-hot mulberry coals.
Think how many have come here, seeking sensual delights,
Crazed by this lake's unravished beauty —
Crazed, tempted with blandishments, and then forgotten!
Think how many lovely women have bathed
Their silver bodies in these shadowy waters!
How many thirsty souls have gathered here
To carouse in the light of this same moon!
Many a lover has waited long
For his first love on that distant shore.

Kaätsahan maajan bényan óbruk yi chhót chhót rang
vuchhith

Aasihe dil tambalaavaan saály vuḍanyan hõnd khayaal
Kaätyaahan shaahanshahan yëmi shaayi yuth husnaa
vüchhith

Aasahan baasaan barüty daamaana tshäry
Kaätsahav dildaar nazarav aasahan
Brõñh yiman neelyan khyalan pyaṭh
Lola saan molanaävymüty chhätý mwokhtahaar
Kaätyahan bebaak yaaran aasahan yim kohasaar
Shafkatüch nazraah kârith bakhshaan yiraadan hõnd jalaal
Kaätyahav betaab roohav aasi az taamat yëmis taarakh
nabas

Dos gánzarith zindagee hânz bekaraáree baävümüs
Haay yëmy Swonalaänki händy madhosh shaaman aasahan
Baarhaa az brõñh ti aavürymüty më hivý devaana
shaâyir vaaryaah

Haay tim nozuk navaa bulbul ti gáy vuḍavaah karith
Sheena baalan taaph pooryav gáy gälith
Soñta kyan rangeen pwoshaakan hardakaalan soor möl
Yus akhaa gav vahy sü gav aphsoos gav
Kaañh jalaah chhuna tora zaañh pheerith yivaan

Kyaah yi marguk yup niyaa më ti mool praätith
aákharas

Kyaah bü yima naa yor ada pheerith züñhüy
Kyaah bü vüchhanaa dunyahuk gaashee pato laakaány
zaañh

Kyaah më bani naa zaañh ti yath Swonalaänki pyaṭh
shaaman byuhun

Mota kis panjaras chhanaa aḍa vátsh, ti rozaan daär
kaañh

Haay ath sangeen kalaayas sapdinaa vály vály shagaaf

How many emperors has this enchantment here made feel
Poor indeed, for all their wealth!

How many sweethearts
Have with ravished eyes beheld
Priceless white pearl necklaces on these green lotus leaves!
How many fearless men
Have these mountains beheld with affection and
admiration

And blest with the majesty of noble resolves!
How many restless souls have poured their woes
To this starry sky, their only friend!
Drunken evenings on the Golden Isle
Have in the past too bewitched many a mad poet like me,
Where are flown those sweet-throated bulbuls?
The sun's heat melts the mountain snows,
And autumn sprinkles ashes on the colourful garments
of spring.

Alas, whoever has gone has gone for ever,
And no bird ever flies back from there!

Will Death's inexorable flood
One day uproot me and take me away?
Will I never again return?
Never again behold the warm light of day?
Never come to spend an evening on this Golden Isle?
Is there not even a half-open window in Death's cage?
Won't Death's stone walls ever crack?

Vaay kar gatshi ath tilasmaatas nanyar
Kar gatshan azlûky ti abdûky nwokta hal
Paâty kemy sûndy paâthy kar gatshi
Mot pananyee kaar saâzi manz aseer
Zindagaanee sapdi kar haâsil kamaal
Kar chhu insaanas banun vwony laazavaal

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When will the veil lift from this mystery
And the truth of life and death be known?
Won't ever Death, like the silkworm,
Be enmeshed in his own toils?
When will life be triumphant
And man attain immortality?

the Golden Isle — in the middle of the northern part of the Dal Lake.
Camel's Bridge — in front of Nishat Bagh.
Naseem Bagh — the 'Garden of the Evening Breeze', laid out by
Shahjehan on the western bank of the Dal Lake.

GAZAL

Yana chaani yinüch shéchh any soñtan tana sholani lög
samsaar matyo
 Tana nazaran phöly gulzaar matyo tana havasan
mushküny daar matyo

Chhana chaani amaarüch lay mashavüny chhana chaani
khumaarüch tëh nashavüny
 Yi chhi tyambüraah ratsi khwota ratsi tezaan yi chhu
naar akh zalavun naar matyo

Yëli dooryarakyan saharaavan manz kunyi saata
vwomezan tsaängy swotey
 Vana kyaah bü dilas kus jumka hyötun vata vaslüchi gayi
gulnaar matyo

Yëti zyav ta kalam ràṭ páhra darav dubáraay dilüch
badnaam sapüz
 Tati chaani gamüch devaanagiyaah nazran chhi
garaan talvaar matyo

Yina myaänis sabras kun tsü gatshakh yina myaani
khamoshee kun tsü vüchhakh
 Sódaras ti chhu mánzy toophaan yina bròñh tshwopi hònd
aasaan anhaar matyo

Na chhu laphzan tyuth hyoo shokh kadam na chhu maane
titha kány tshaala tulaan
 Banyi kitha kány myaanyan misran manz yiyi chon
ràsyul raftaar matyo

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GAZAL

The world is bright and beautiful,
For your herald, spring has come.
My eyes see flowers everywhere,
And fragrant is my love.

Wherever I turn, I see you drunk
With youth and loveliness.
A spark quickens, the embers glow,
The fire blazes again.

When I floundered in the desert of separation,
The lamp of hope went out;
But a flame mysterious in my heart
Showed a flower-strewn path to you.

I am consumed with longing;
But they watch my tongue and pen,
Call my beating heart a shameless thing,
And their eyes stab me like swords.

Don't be misled by my patience,
Do not mistake my silence:
Before the storm comes crashing down,
The lake seems very calm.

How sweet you are, how beautiful,
With your movements of glad grace,
No limping words can ever express,
Nor my halting verse convey.

RUBAĀYAAT

Grazaan vātsh naagahaan vūny baala kwol akh
Tujin tshaalaah na kaañh sum rooz nay taar
Tithay yitha kāny hanjaāree nazri suūtyan
Dahith kāmtyaam vaajov myon lwokachaar

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Pagaah myaanyan kathan kaañh maane rozyaa
Amyuk phaāsai karan pagahūky swokhan sanj
Bū zan raṭa naala vyath azalūch ta abadūch
Agar kaasee tsē myon aalav azyuk ranj

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Ajeebūy rang dyooṭhum az bahaaras
Dilas tshwokh, rang royas laala zaaras
Gulaabaah heri bwon akh khooni mājloon
Magar asunaah phwolaan tas baa vyakaaras

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Mē vūchh vūny naazneenaah akh gamas manz
Vasaan ōsh daari, lōgmūt kaār tas kham
Hanaa brōñh kun pōkus baagas andar tsaas
Yambūrzali gōb gōmūt baasyom shabnam

QUATRAINS

The mountain stream came thundering down,
Obliterating bank and ferry
Like some one who with a mere look
Swept me and my youth away.

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Whether my words have meaning tomorrow,
Tomorrow's critics will decide;
But I'd find the gushing waters eternal
If they relieved you of present pain.

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There's unusual gaiety in the spring:
Even the wounded poppy's face is flushed with joy;
And smiles blossom on the face of that proud stoic —
The rose, bleeding all over like a slain lover.

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I saw a lovely maiden smitten with grief,
Her eyes streaming with tears, her bent neck grown stiff;
Moved by her plight, I drew closer — only to find
It was the narcissus bent with the weight of the dew.

Sitaaran az kamand laayaan chhu insaan
Syathaa rut gav nazar mwokaleyi yaaras
Magar akh pron armaan chhum dilas kòṇḍ
Zameenas pyath ti gòtsh swokh dyun bahaaras

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Dilúky armaan chhi izhaarúch kaḍaan vath
Vuzúny naagúch héchhaan paanay chhi raftaar
Kalam phuṭarith agar òṅgjan ti hyan traash
Ändrimy haal baavan khoona phamvaar

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Man now tries to reach the stars.
How good his horizons are unconfined!
But that old longing, like a thorn embedded:
Couldn't the world too be made a happier place?

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The heart's longings find their own expression,
The streamlet from the fountain its own path;
Even if they break your pen and chop off your fingers,
The streaming blood will speak of the inner urge.

SÄHLAAB TA SÄÄHIL

Agar az ti kâr baanbarüy soñta vaavan!
Khabardaar chhuy ho dilo yuth na raavakh
Agar az ti sumbal tsalan rogi rogee
Yino bály vunyub hyoo gatshee vòsh tsü traavakh

Mizaazay chhu paarud béswokh kaayinaatas
Havaa dól shamaa tshyöv tshwokyav shab subaah phòl
Vunyee os kaphanas válith maag dolaan
Vunyee vwoshli shraavun bahaaran mushúk mòl

Hamav suüty shoobyaa vuchhun voñt sòdaras
Chhi mäs zindagee aana mánzy aana haavaan
Rabaabas galath naav thovukh kunukh swokh
Yi bedil chhu baaze dilúky daädy baavaan

Kadas Laäli händis kadür kâr zamaanan
Davun mòth na Majloona sund Najada vanas
Yémee saanyi butaraäts pèthy pòk Halaakoo
Yähäy Haäfizas mas baraan aas pyaalas

Kanyan manz chhi tshyaph hyath mwolüly laal aasaan
Kunee ranga kar khäts swonzal aasamaanas
Chhu yath lanji pyaþh kaav shwonganuk karaan sanz
Tátee nyëndri bulbul tulaan bostaanas

Chhi yath aalamas aäðaran èkhtélaafüch
Azal sheena baalaah abad taapa kaalaah
Vanas manz chhi paadar sühüny graz hakeekat
Panun mad chhu haranas ditsün shokh ðaalaah

Dilo yuthna bály daamanas laad hyaavakh
Chhi baagas andar rang barangy zaäts poshan
Ma kar khaana bándée subaah shaam vakhtas
Gahe losi akhtaab gahi zoon roshan

THE FLOOD AND THE BANK

If the spring breeze is in haste again
And hyacinths now too leave by stealth,
Don't despair, O heart! don't sigh in vain
Feeling an illusion has faded away.

Mercurial are the moods of restless nature!
The breeze stirs, the lamp expires, night ends, dawn breaks.
Even now midwinter lay stretched in his shroud,
And now scented spring tells us that blushing June is near!

Should one use poles to plumb the sea? Mad life
Reveals glimpses of hidden realities.
The seemingly inanimate *rabaab* often echoes the heart's
anguish;
Those who give it another name, barter their peace away.

The world remembers both Leila's loveliness
And Majnu's mad raving in the desert of Najd.
This same earth over which Hulagu swept
Also poured out wine for the gentle Hafiz.

Precious rubies lie concealed in stones;
And many are the hues the rainbow shows.
The crow builds his nest for sleep on the very bough
From where the bulbul awakens the flowers.

The very basis of life is diversity;
Eternal have been sunshine and snow;
As real in the forest is the tiger's roar
As the youthful deer bounding for joy.

O heart, be free, not circumscribed,
For flowers in a garden are variegated.
Don't divide time into morning and evening,
For when the sun sets, the moon shines bright.

Agar lol prazlaavi phonoos zahanüky
 Judaáyee chhi husnuk mulaakaat baasaan
 Agar zan yupis manz bwoṭhik khaab vwotalan
 Matsar zindagee hõnd karaamaat baasaan

Agar ráṭ na yambürzalav praaranüch khwoy
 Bõmbur zinda thaavaan chhu sontüch rêvaayat
 Agar zan harud aasi sozaan vandas say
 Dázith bonyi rátsharaan chhi grèshmuk amaanat

Võn gav chon haavas ta shoküch sharaafat
 Dilo tath chhi áshküky yim atvaar praavüny
 Mè gòb baasi raatul tsè sahrüch tulüny kath
 Bú vwoṭh laayi naaras tsè gul mushkanaavüny

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With love brightening the lamp of imagination,
One finds union in separation too.
If one can hope for the bank in a flood;
The miracle of life seems passing strange.

If the narcissi have not learnt to wait,
The black bee observes the rites of spring;
And if autumn sends its earnest to winter,
The burning chenar still treasures summer's trust.

As for your desires and chastening your passion —
For that, O heart! learn to acquire love's modes:
When I find night oppressive, you must talk of the dawn;
I leap into the glen, you give fragrance to flowers.

Hulagu — A descendant of Chengiz Khan who devastated large areas
of Asia and reduced Iraq to a desert by destroying its canals.
Hafiz — Persian mystic poet.



VISHWA NATH VISHWAS

b. 1926

Born at Sopor. Studied upto the Matriculation, after which he was appointed a teacher. Started writing in 1948. Most of his poems have been published in journals. Literary influences: Nadim and the Russian authors.

ANAADY HAANZ

I

Ithakāny chhuy dyaka phwolavun baasan
Traay vuṭhan hānz chhay asavūny hish
Kathi tala chhus raavaan amaapōz
Zaani khwodaa kam gul phōlaraavakh

Vuchh saā khabarūy chhay karanaavyaa
Yath kwoli tez bahaav chhu kath kun
Kath kun chhay karanaav tsē khaarūny
Ath kotaah chhuy taakat laagun

Hōl gaṇḍ cheera hyamath kar taamat
Phuchmātsi naavi chhu mānzilas vāatun
Zor kārith jabroothaa haāvith
Zima chhay naav bārūts bōṭh khaarūny

Vwony ta kaḍūth luka naav tsē paanay
Nabzas nabzas chhuy hyas thaavun
Kala maa kaḍi kunyi ōbra lōngaah hyoo
Vaava lathaa hish maa kunyi traavyas

Khooris yuth na tsalee thaph neerith
Yuth na ḍalēe khwor hamatul laāgith
Yuth na sanyar ḍeeshith dil raavee
Graayan yuth na yi naav tsū laagakh

Gwoḍa chhee ratsa phāly atha khwor aāvily
Vuchh kath kaaras paan tsē loguth
Ati shooban atha traṭa pholaadūky
Khor gatshan pātharis vuzanaavūny

THE FOOLISH BOATMAN

I

Your countenance seems cheerful,
A smile playing on your lips;
But the way you talk fills me with doubt —
God knows where you'll lead us!

O ferryman, be sure you know
Which way this stream is racing down,
How you can save your ferry boat
And what strength this task demands.

Gird your loins! Courage now!
This leaking boat must reach the goal.
Do your job with might and skill
And steer this boat to the bank.

Since your boat is on the waves,
You'll have to watch with every pulse;
A flake of cloud may rear its head
And the wind's kick make it burst.

Firm must be your hold on the oar,
Firm your feet when you push with the pole;
When you find it's deep, your heart shouldn't sink,
Leaving the boat a prey to the waves.

With your hands so small and feet so soft,
I wonder why you chose this job
Which calls for hands of the firmest steel
And feet whose tread would shake the earth.

II

Tse nam naavi ròtuth nyabarüy kun
Vath hay baäly ta yòt kòt laågith
Buthi maa laagakh asi vwonda manzaras
Dokhay maa aàs traay vuṭhan hánz

Tse zaalaah hyoo aabas trovuth
O ta tsü maa chhukh gaaḍan draamut
Heela káarith luka naav tsé káḍthan
Manz dariyaavas loguth zaalaah

Haánzaa nazar thávüth gaaḍan kun
Khooris tshün thaph vunyi chhuy aadan
Pòt hyòt naavi lamun güthi suütyan
Asi lájy gatshni dilan dubaraaray

Aalav saány gatshaan chhee kány pátý
Mula tala kal chhay áthy zaalas kun
Chaanyi diluk var asi maa ḍeshov
Nata kus lagihe yath sáhlaabas

Ächh tul thòd vüchh vaara nabas kun
Vaava mushak hyoo hargaah traavee
Hargaah kár maa naagakaány davaa hish
Vijavavaan zan kòḍ vaashaa hyoo

Hosh tsé maa ḍalanay küṭa haánzaa
Zaal tsalee maa atha manza vyasarith
Zaal valee maa garzuk soda
Garza matsar maa kharee daaras.

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II

Why is this boat now outward bound
When our course along the bank should be?
Will you have us caught in a whirlpool now,
And was that smile put on as guile?

What's it you've now flung o'er the waves?
O, it's for fishing that you've come!
Pretending to ferry a crowded boat
You started, and midstream cast a net!

O boatman, your eyes are fixed on the fish!
But grab your oar! There still is time.
The current is forcing the boat turn back,
And our hearts are beating wild with fear.

You turn a deaf ear to our cries,
For the net absorbs your heart and soul!
Had we only guessed your evil plans,
We'd not have landed in this plight.

Look up and scan the sky with care.
Mushk may well be on his way,
Or *Naagakon* just race along,
Vijavaav may only yawn and stretch —

You will quail, O foolish boatman!
The net may slip out of your hands:
Greed may weave a web around you
And have you hoisted on the gallows!

Mushk, Naagakon, Vijavaav — three different directional winds, considered dangerous for boats, particularly in the Wular Lake.



VASUDEV REH

b. 1926

Born at Sopor. Became blind in infancy. Has been practising as a *hakeem*, diagnosing merely by feeling the pulse. Started writing in the 50's and came into prominence in the 60's with the publication of his collected poems *Shab Gard*. His diction is like Zinda Kaul's. Though he is blind and has only a vague sense of landscape, his visual images are most accurate.

SHAB GARUD

Maane booziv yiman kalaaman hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh
Daay mè yee dyun khaasan aaman hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

He vùchh saà myaàny bèdaàree aàkhür maa twohi taar
diyav
Path brònh vùchhinay nyandür agar traàviv thapalis
maa aar yiyav
Vumri sòmbrovmut raaviva ratsh khand kaànsi agar
vyastaar yiyav
He vunyi maa chhi kàmee badnaaman hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

Myon sadaa gav khaàlis baayav hosh habaa hushyaar
habaa
Yath samsaaras naahamvaaras chaara dinas chhuna
taar habaa
Kyaazi rachhun aaraam chhu tava kiny aaraamas
chhuna vaar habaa
Yuth na hyamüts hònd traàviv daaman hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

Yina saà aalav myon gatshiva kàny pàty ta yi boozith
mashiraàviv
Yina saà panun àzyuk yaa pagahuk soñchun bèyinüy
pyath traàviv
Yina sàny tsooras deenas darmas driyan ta kasman
kan thaàviv
Mwokhsar thàvzi nazar anjaaman hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hosha hosh

Yina kana dol diyiv krakh boozith, raay gatshèv asi
kyaa saà he
Yina zaàniv yi chhu par aalav, àsy paan rachhav, asi
kyaa saà he

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

My cry every evening is 'Beware!'
And when I say 'Beware!' I mean what I say.
It's my caution to you all, young and old,
When every evening I cry out 'Beware!'

My vigils, O my friends, are not enough to see you through.
If you yield to careless slumber, no thief will hesitate,
But with the slightest chance will take whatever you
have saved;

And there's no dearth of knaves, beware!

I only cry, 'O brothers, wake up and beware!'
In this uneven world, you've to struggle to your end.
If you'd secure your peace, surely now's not the time
for rest!

Do not let go the skirt of courage, beware!

Do not take it lightly when you hear my call.
You shouldn't let others plan your present and your future.
Have no faith in robbers' oaths, their duty and their creed.
In short, think of what may happen, beware!

When you hear my cry, don't say, 'What's it to me?'
Don't treat it as an alien voice and say, 'What's it to me?'

Yaamath kaañh gatshi naaraah dith, yina twohi baasyava
asi kyaasaa he

Myaany yèhay krakh shahran gaaman hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

Zari hanaa vakh krooṭh hasaa vūchh saā taamath
kyaah kari insaan

Vuchh saā yee maa rozi dōhay yi chhu doraah ath kyaah
kari insaan

Thaph thwos hēyi path paanay sōt sōt, nyath rozyaa
kath, kyaah kari insaan

Baayav hosh yiman ayaaman hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

Bahraalti ta shury hwoka chee chee yina yaaro mismaar
gatshiva

Naala raṭyoon yi yovun, vakh yina atha manza raaviva,
phyaar gatshiva

Sarphas been gatshiva yina par krakh, nahka yuth na
karaar gatshiva

Yina reh zaaliva maharēnyi khaaban hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

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When someone starts a fire, don't say, 'What's it to me?'
That's what I shout in town and village, beware!

The time is slightly out of joint; how can one set it right?
Though this can't remain for ever, it's a phase one cannot
change.

Brigandage will slowly cease, but God knows what'll be left.
Beware, O brother, these times, beware!

O friends, save the toy houses you as children built in play.
Hold fast to the present time; to let it slip is folly.
Don't rest when the pipe calls the snake; it's not a foreign
sound.

See that the flame doesn't burn the bride's dreams, beware!

YATH CHHU SÄHLAAB YIVAVUN

Yi dyut aabshaarav sadaa sòm ta sanavun
Vakhat chhavunuy gav labun mǎnzila praavun
Agar nay vuchhith hee tsè lavaháts prabaatan
Na prazanaavahǎn shabnamuk sréh na shraavun

Agar myaǎny zyav thaavanuk skok aasee
Agar myaǎny paǎthen tsù vaatakh dōlaaban
Vachhas manz thavakh thókmutüy myon hyoo dil
Héhhakh paana vyagǎlith pazar sholanaavun

Agar zan na yaaras ta yaaras amaarüch
Vanan sapni man akh ákis aalanaavan
Chhu kyaah path yi hénze ta hury maánzi raátsan
Siriph maánzi pan aǎdarith mandachhaavun

Siphath vuchh mè aabas ta kuúmath sharaabas
Kibür dolatas poshivun baav lolas
Chhé zoraavaree haajatas shoob hisharas
Ta yee nazri yun gav zagath parzanaavun

Mè vaaraah vónuy yath chhu sǎhlaab yivavun
Yi zaanakh ti kar vakh ma raavar kadam tul
Pǎzis hól vuchhuth, saath gav, vuchh havaah ðól
Khabar kus nabuk ruúph péyi aazmaavun

Chhunaa kaǎnsi zan zol mas naara taavan
Gǎyas kaañh kathaa ruúph rovus ta volyav
Agar zan na ami saata ròchh jaar yaaran
Ti gav daag dith maayi mwol raavaraavun

Vuchhiv naala ráṭ pomparan reh, ta bulbul
Panun paan gav phuláyi dith, shok chhovun
Yi gav jaanavar paǎthy vaatun iraadan
Tamaah rut karun paan dith naav thaavun

A FLOOD IS COMING

The waterfalls declare in deep, sustained tones:
To live every moment is to find your goal.
If you don't see jessamine dew-drenched at dawn,
You'll never know midsummer or the dew's tender passion.

Should you desire to have a voice like mine,
Have a heart that shrinks from no experience,
Enter and resolve tangled complexities. You'll learn
That you yourself must melt to make truth blaze.

If true love does not bind two souls,
Who each to each unfold their minds,
Then why these festive hymeneal songs?
It's just putting to shame poor henna paste!

I know the world, for I have seen
The tyranny of want, grace in equality,
The pride of wealth, love's enduring bond,
Mere expense in wine, virtue in water.

I've often warned you that a flood is coming.
Lose no time! Keep moving on! You can no longer
Wink at truth; the times have changed!
God knows what heaven's new form we'll face tomorrow!

Imagine someone's face distorted with wild anguish,
As if a strong fire were singeing his hair,—
If a friend doesn't save him in this hour,
Stained and worthless is his love indeed!

See the moth clings to the flame; the bulbul
Finds bliss offering his life to the blossoms!
This is how birds attain their goal—
Lofty the aim and the path self immolation.



MUZAFFAR AZIM

b. 1934

Born at Gotlipura, Gulmarg. Educated at Srinagar where he passed the B Sc examination in 1955. Has been in Govt service ever since and is at present in the Govt Silk Factory, Srinagar. Started writing in Kashmiri in 1953. Has published his poems under the title *Zolaana*. Attended the National Symposium of Poets held by the All India Radio. Won the State Academy award in 1964.

RUBAĀYEE

Vwolur os graayi maaraan tshaayi
 hōl byooṭhus bū shēhjaaras
 Dādūr khāts aasmaanas kun
 mōdur loluk taraanaah hyath
 Amaaran josh hyoo dyutnam
 dilūch dubraay tezeyam
 Bū zan aamut sharaabuk akh
 sōdūr ḍeeshith ta baanaah chyath

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QUATRAIN

I lay reclined in the cool shade,
As I saw Wular's dancing waves.
A *didūr* heavenwards took his flight,
Singing sweet songs of love.
The embers of my passion glowed,
My heart beat loud and fast,
As if I had seen an ocean of wine,
And drunk there hard and deep.

Didūr — the Himalayan tree creeper.



GHULAM NABI KHAYAL

b. 1936

Born at Shala Mohalla in Srinagar. Studied in Islamia High School, Srinagar. Wrote in Urdu till 1954. Was appointed News Reader in Radio Kashmir in 1956. Arrested in the Hazratbal agitation in 1958. Translated Omar Khayyam in jail. Employed in the Research Section of the Cultural Academy in 1959. Editor of the Plebiscite Front weekly, *Mahaaz* in 1964. Later, started the weekly, *Kaashur Vatan*. Edits now the Urdu weekly, *Iqbal*. Literary influences: the English Romantic poets. Has published *Zanjoori hōnd Saaz*, *Paraagaash*, *Zoon Taarakh* (stories for children) and *Gaashiry Manaar* (critical essays). Has translated from Greek and Persian.

SHAMAA TA SHAAYIR

Shabakyan sihaah pardan vâlith humi baala pãtykiny
siryi pyav
Tulanaar hyoo shaamuk shafak bëyi asta astay soory gav
Hum kuly ti gày haybunga hee shôngy jaanavar aalyan
andar

Khalvat chhu vaashaa hyoo kaḍaan tanhaāyiyav
mutśraāvy par
Vuchh huth Sulaymaan taali pyaṭh tanhaa kunuy tsoṅgaah
dazaan

Baasaan chhu bram bram chok zan vati pakvūnyan
Zan mworda dolaan kaphna rōs, baalan titshūy shaklaah
zaagaah hyavaan
gamüts

Ath zooni zan sarsaam hyoo taarakh nabas latsh hish
pyëmüts

Saazas chhi lajmüts möhar hish avaaaz gaamüts benavaa
Prath tarpha bozaan myaany kan bas raatamwoglan
hönd sadaa

Zan paad vakhtas loosymüty vunyi aasi khwoftan vaatanay
Nazran chhu aamut jera hyoo dooryov zan subhuk samay

Dilakyan chhwokan bulgaar hyath hijras visaaluch aash
hyath

Kworbaan karahāy jaan-o-dil shamo tsū aaham aash hyath
Vwony gav tsé chhuy lonuy yuthuy yemy hyòt yi dazunuy
azla māly

Dázithüy tsè pompüry gath karaan tshëta gokh tay
pompüry ti tsäly

Butaraäts händy yim rang vuchhith yuthno zühñhü
tangdil banakh...

Tsèti vaava toophaan zaaganas mèti neza hyath aalam dilas
Farhaad laalan hònd azal dwodakwol kaḍith aphsoos
khyòn

Namrood aasun shaah banun Sukraat aasun zahar chòn

THE POET AND THE LAMP

Wrapped in night's shadowy veils, the sun dropped
 behind that hill,
 And the crimson glow of the evening sky began to fade
 away.

The trees stand dumb; the birds have now retired to
their nests.

Solitude stretches itself; loneliness plumes its wings.
The solitary light burning on the top of Sulaiman
Is like a will-o'-the-wisp lying in wait for wayfarers.
The mountains look like deserted, unshrouded corpses,
The moon like one in a swoon in a haze-covered starry sky.
Silence has sealed all music, and hushed lies every voice
But for the owl's hoots that assail my ears from every side.
Time moves with tired feet; dusk has not changed to night,
And wild despair grips one's soul, for dawn seems far away.

I'd give my life for you, O lamp! for having brought me
light,
A balm for heart's sore wounds, a hope that I will meet
my love.

Though burning is your destiny, for you chose it at
your birth,

The moths that are dancing round your flame will
forsake you when it's out.
This is the way the world goes, but it shouldn't warp your
soul.

Wind and storm seek your life as the world's spears
are aimed at mine.

Namrood was destined to be king, Socrates to drink the
the poisoned cup,

Farhad fruitlessly to dig a canal for milk to flow.

Humy khaamkaaran jaam tul yemy aashkan talkhaaba
chyav
Huth malguzaaras phöly chaman yath poshi baagas ðoṭh
pyav
Kam gulbadan khaakas raley shinyaah baney kam
khaana tay
Samsaara kis ath gardishas chhapi lägy syaṭhaah
jaanaana tay
Kama ðoli yëti ðolaan vuchham kath maänzi ðeethüm
rab gatshaan
Gaah ächh distam taarakh änyim gaah ösh kunum
shabnam hyötum
Sanyiran vöthus vöganyan khötus gindunaah körum
döh döh ködum
Yemy paam kataküchi zooni thäv më chhu az ti deedan
tal su rwoy
Më chhë az ti deedan tal swo tan ywosa aäna pöt hish
aaba jwoy
Më chhu az ti tämysund sarvi kad istaada thaavaan
haavasan
Më chhi az ti tämysünza harana ächh mas pyaala
chaavaan haavasan
Tamahan agar samahüy sapud haäsil na kënh maatam
käarith
Lalavun gulaabas daage dil lalavaan magar tshwopadam
käarith
Yi chhi zindagee azalay yitshüy gaah soṇta vaavüch
graay hish
Mosum dilüch dubaraay hish tas yaara sünz pöt tshaay hish
Yi chhi zindagee azalay yitshüy gaah zahara börmüt
jaam hish
Vati pyaṭh saḍemüts laash hish yëmi jelkhanuk shaam
hish

I've seen wine for the worthless flow, true zeal
rewarded with bitterness,
Flowers in the graveyard bloom and hail destroy the
bowers.
What lovely forms are dust, how many houses desolate!
How many young men gathered by the mortal scythe of
Time!

O how many are palanquin-borne only to desolation,
Bright henna changed to dull mud on their hands!

My eyes have ached to see the stars, and I've paid for
the dew with my tears.
My days are spent here plunging into the deeps
and shoals of thought.
But ever floats before my eyes the face that shames
the Kartik moon,

That body lovely like the mirror-clear stream,
That cypress stature which keeps alive my flame,
Those fawn's eyes at which I've drunk goblets of wine.
O what use is it to cry when dreams were strangled young!
The tulip nurses the wound in his heart: he does it silently.

O life, with your changing moods of the spring breeze,
The impulsive beating of an innocent heart, the grace
of one's love!

You are also the poison-filled cup, a corpse decaying on
the road,

An evening in this jail.



MOTI LAL SAQI

b. 1936

Born at Mahanoor, Badgam. Educated in Srinagar. Passed the B A examination in 1965. Started writing in 1952. Literary influences: Nadim and the English Romantic poets. Drawn towards the Cultural Congress during its last phase. Published his poems under the title *Mōdiury Khaab*. Has also published a collection of Kashmiri folk songs, *Kaāshiry Luka Baith* (4 vols). Works in the Ministry of Agriculture. Was for some time on the staff of Radio Kashmir in the Rural Programme section. Is also on the editorial staff of *Saman Bal*.

SAHRA PYATHA SUBAH TAAM

Thākith yēli raat pēyi kōha taali pāty kiny
 Sangarmaalav buthis hyōt noor chhaavun
 Havaavan hyōt vanan manz saaz vaayun
 Palav hyōt aabi Koṁsara paan naavun

Gyavun hyōt veri subahūchi zora aaran
 Yi zan hyōt maaji kwochhi manz laala saavun
 Gatshni lāgy braānty raatas pananyi motūky
 Yuthuy hyōt taarakav tañzi ḍer thaavun

Yuthuy gaashan gāṭis kār laar and kun
 Rēhaa hish paāda gāyi ufkas rwokhas pyaṭh
 Yi ḍeeshith gaasha ṭaarūky kaār nōmraāv
 Yi zan prūtsha gaari kaanh aamut dwokhas pyaṭh

Nazar yaamat pēyam mwokhtay ḍalan kun
 Phōlum dil aashi hyōt praagaash traavun
 Vuchhith subahuk yi rang gav me khayaalaah
 Yi maa draamūts Zuvalmaal tshal karith az

Rasul Meeras tāmis os vaada thaavun
 Hayaatas bosh khōt insaan prazalyav
 Tavay mashrik chhu navi nooruk payambar
 Phwolaan yiṭi subhūkee paāṭhy zindagaānee

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DAYBREAK

As the tired night sank behind the mountain,
Young dawn put radiance on his face;
The morning breeze played soft tunes on forest trees;
Boulders bathed in Kaunsar waters;
The streams sang softly morning songs
Like mothers singing lullabies
To tender infants in their arms.

The night beheld its death draw near;
The stars in a row packed up their goods
As light chased darkness from the sky,
A flame appeared on the eastern hill;
The morning star bent low his head
And departed, like some one in grief.

As I looked at the lakes of pearls,
My heart bloomed, hope radiating light.
Seeing the morning's splendour, I felt
That Zuval Maal had come by stealth
To keep her tryst with Rasul Meer.
The east was the prophet of the coming light,
And gentle nature seemed to say
That life would be like the flowering dawn.

Kaunsar waters—The Kaunsar Nag is a mountain lake on the
northern side of the Banihal range.
Zuval Maal—one of the names given by the poet Rasul Meer to his
beloved.



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The years between 1930 and 1960 were a period of turbulence and of great national and international importance with changes of a far-reaching consequence taking place all over the world. These three decades may rightly be called, as Prof. Raina has done, the 'formative years of modern Kashmiri poetry', for it is during these years of experiment and transition after well over fifty years of somnolence that the modern age in Kashmiri literature was born.

Literature is a great force for global understanding and good will, and translations are of very great importance in promoting this understanding among various linguistic groups. The need for an anthology of Kashmiri poetry which would acquaint the outside reader with modern trends in our literature was long felt, and I must appreciate Prof Raina's effort in this direction. He deserves appreciation not only for his excellent translations but also for his judicious selection of the poems and the objective analysis of this period of turmoil and exuberance that he has given in the Introduction.

GHULAM MOHAMMAD SADIQ